The Nation

FOUNDED 1865

Vol. CXXVI NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 25, 1928 No. 3264

Contents

EDITORIAL PARAGRAPHS 81
EDITORIALS:
Thomas Hardy 84
New York Kills Again 85
What They Die For 85
Mr. Coolidge at Havana 86
Criminal Ineptitude 87
Autos and Then Autos 87
WHICH LANDSCAPE IS THE LONELIER? By Hendrik van Loon 88
IT SEEMS TO HEYWOOD BROUN. By Heywood Broun 89
COVERING WASHINGTON. By The Unofficial Spokesman 90
DWIGHT MORROW AGREES WITH MEXICO. By Carleton Beals 91
WILL AMERICANS LEARN TO FLY? By William P. Mangold 93
RATIONALIZATION IN BRITISH INDUSTRY. By John A. Hobson 95
IN THE DRIFTWAY. By the Drifter 96
CORRESPONDENCE 96
BOOKS AND PLAYS:
First Glance. By Mark Van Doren 98
Philip Hone. By Claude G. Bowers 98
Philosophy? By Mortimer J. Adler 99
Deep-Sea Soundings. By Arthur Warner 100
A Social Mystic. By John Haynes Holmes 100
Attitudinized Hatred. By James Rorty 100
Interesting Books of 1927. Chosen by Heywood Broun 102
Books in Brief 102
Moving Pictures: Douglas Fairbanks. By Alexander Bakshy 104
Drama: "Marco Millions." By Joseph Wood Krutch 104
INTERNATIONAL RELATIONS SECTION:
Boycott in India. By V. R. Ranganathan 106

OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD, EDITOR

ASSOCIATE EDITORS

LEWIS S. GANNETT

DOROTHY GRAFFE VAN DOREN

ARTHUR WARNER JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

MANAGING EDITOR FREDA KIRCHWEY

LITERARY EDITOR MARK VAN DOREN

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS

JOHN A. HOBSON LUDWIG LEWISOHN H. L. MENCKEN

NORMAN THOMAS HEYWOOD BROUN CARL VAN DOREN

DAVID BOEHM, ADVERTISING MANAGER

SUBSCRIPTION RATES: Five dollars per annum postpaid in the United States and Mexico; to Canada, $5.50; and to foreign countries of the Postal Union, $6.00.

THE NATION, No. 20 Vesey Street, New York City. Cable Address: NATION, New York. British Agent of Subscriptions and Advertising, Miss Gertrude M. Cross, 13, Woburn Square, London, W. C. 1, England.

THE NATION is on file in most public and college libraries and is indexed in the *Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature.*

APPALLING EVIDENCE of the way the big-navy mania has taken hold of Congress was given by the action of the House Committee on Naval Affairs in voting 15 to 1 not only to approve the $740,000,000 proposal of Secretary Wilbur for additions to the fleet, but so to bind the hands of the President that he will not be in a position to stop this construction if, during the eight years it will actually take to complete this "five-year program," he concludes a disarmament agreement with the only two Powers whose fleets approach ours—England and Japan. We do not believe that one Congress can bind another, or limit the President's treaty-making power, but if the House and Senate take the stand that this is possible, then neither President Coolidge nor his successor could possibly take part in a discussion of naval-armament limitation with other countries. Now this $740,000,000 request of Secretary Wilbur, which has been accepted by the House Naval Committee without public hearings or adequate discussion, is only the first instalment of $3,000,000,000 at which Secretary Wilbur and the author of the recent Geneva Conference aim. The utter wickedness of this proposal appears from these facts: (1) Having long since distanced the Japanese fleet we are now building *against England alone;* this is admitted privately in Washington. (2) If persisted in it will unquestionably mean war with our Anglo-Saxon mother country, our ally in 1917-1918. (3) This initial extra appropriation of $740,000,000 (which is in addition to the regular upkeep appropriation asked by Secretary Wilbur) is almost the exact amount of the *total endowment funds of all our colleges, professional schools, and universities* acquired in the three hundred years of our national existence. This is barbarism but not civilization; paganism but not Christianity. It is militarism pure and simple, of as bad and stupid a type as any German brand we denounced in the war. And it is all born of craven fear and totally unnecessary.

THE BIG STICK is swinging ker-whack and ker-bang in Cuba, where President Machado—notorious for his bloody suppression of labor organizations—is trying to curry favor with the Washington Administration by doing his utmost to keep out of the Pan-American Conference any mention of the topic uppermost in the minds of all—the aggression of the United States. Just as it goes to press *The Nation* is in receipt of the following cablegram, dated Port au Prince, Haiti, from Pierre Hudicourt, a distinguished and responsible leader, who is president of the Haitian Society of International Law:

> WENT TO CUBA ATTEND PAN AMERICAN CONFERENCE BEHALF MANY HAITIAN ORGANIZATIONS AND PAPERS WAS ARRESTED IN HOTEL VENUS AT SANTIAGO ON PRETENSE LACK PASSPORT WHILE HAVING LETTER FROM CUBAN LEGATION HAITI STATING PASSPORT UNNECESSARY TO ENTER CUBA WAS DETAINED QUARANTINE AND DEPORTED PROTEST AGAINST SUCH VIOLATION INTERNATIONAL LAW AND VIOLENCE BY GOVERNMENT OF CUBA REQUEST PRESS OF NEW YORK GIVE OPPRESSED HAITIANS HELP TO SHOW SUCH VIOLATION AND VIOLENCE AS ILLUSTRATION MEANS EMPLOYED BY BIG POWERS TO OVERWHELM FEEBLE NATIONS.

As Will Rogers, giving his impressions of the conference, cables from Havana: "It takes quite a sense of humor for these people to understand us shaking hands with one hand and shooting with the other."

THIRTEEN DEMOCRATIC SENATORS made it possible for the Administration forces to sidetrack into the Committee on Interstate Commerce Senator Walsh's resolution calling for an investigation of the power trust by a special committee. The names of these Democratic friends of the biggest business should be recorded. They are Bayard of Delaware, Broussard of Louisiana, Edwards of New Jersey, Glass of Virginia, Hawes of Missouri, Mayfield of Texas, Overman of North Carolina, Ransdell of Louisiana, Steck of Iowa, Thomas of Oklahoma, Tydings of Maryland, Tyson of Tennessee, and Simmons of North Carolina. Interviewed by Mr. Laurence Todd, most of these Senators were non-committal about their reasons for voting against the power investigation. Two

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of them, however, were frank and revealing. Senator Edwards of New Jersey said flatly:

> I didn't propose to have any fool political investigation ruin the investments of thousands of citizens of my State. In New Jersey the Public Utilities Commission takes care of these companies, and I'm opposed to starting any investigation here that will raise hell with the country.

Senator Ransdell said:

> I did not think it necessary to stir up this thing too much. No complaints have come from down my way against the power companies. In fact, there is considerable new development going on, of gas-power to the amount of 120,000 horse-power from natural gas wells. There seemed no reason to stir things up.

WHATEVER THE EXPRESSED REASONS of these and the other Democrats for bringing about the defeat of Walsh's inquiry, substantial economic motives exist. As the Unofficial Spokesman pointed out in our issue of January 11, the power trust maintains an active lobby in Washington; it can chain Senators as it chains rivers. The Du Ponts, General Electric, Insull, the Dukes, and other groups—separately or in combination—have become dominant factors wherever rivers run and power waits to be developed. The thirteen Senators who voted against the prompt investigation of this economic giant will be tested again. Senator Walsh's resolution will eventually be reported out for further consideration; the Boulder Dam question and the question of the operation of the Muscle Shoals plant will come up for a vote. The attitude on these questions of this group of dubious Democrats will be watched closely by the country at large.

THE SENATE has acted wisely in authorizing its Committee on Public Lands to resume the investigation of the Teapot Dome oil-leasing scandal so as to bring to light the transactions of the Continental Trading Company. This company, it will be recalled, was the selling agent for the Teapot Dome oil, and resale profits to the amount of $230,000 have already been traced to the bank account of Albert B. Fall, ex-Secretary of the Interior. As it is believed that the Continental's total resale profits netted about $3,000,000, the purpose of the new inquiry is to learn what became of the remaining $2,770,000. Senator Nye of North Dakota, chairman of the Committee on Public Lands, has asked Senator Walsh of Montana to conduct the investigation—a guaranty that it will be sincerely and searchingly done. Meanwhile the retrial of Fall in Washington on a charge of conspiracy in connection with the leasing of Teapot Dome, has been postponed until April 2 on the ex-Secretary's representations that to come from New Mexico sooner would endanger his life. Of course nobody wants to do that, but it is well to reflect that if Fall were a poor man he would not now be out on bail in the South. No matter what the danger to his life, he would be waiting trial in a cold and drafty calaboose in the North.

EIGHT MONTHS after the devastation of last May the question of adequate protection has finally come before the Flood Control Committee of the House. In the discussions so far the main emphasis has been on the issue of finance. On this point the Administration has offered a plan calling for an expenditure of less than $300,000,000, requiring that the people of the flood States pay part of the cost. President Coolidge urges the latter provision, not because the federal government is not capable of paying the entire expense, but because he feels that sounder economy will be maintained if the people affected have a personal interest in part of the money to be spent. In contrast to this plan is the bill presented by Representative Reid, the Republican chairman of the House committee, asking the federal government to assume complete responsibility for the expense. At the first hearing of the committee most convincing evidence in support of this view was given by Colonel Charles L. Potter, president of the Mississippi River Commission, the principal government agency in maintaining levee protection. He testified that not only would the Mississippi Valley be unable to contribute further sums to protection but that already the levee districts in the flood zones were, financially, "about at the end of the rope." Will Rogers, too, testified amusingly and wisely to this. Furthermore, in view of the fact that the entire levee system from Cairo to New Orleans is an organic whole, if the Administration scheme is enacted into law, any levee district unable to meet its obligations would to that extent endanger the success of the whole program.

"MOTHER YALE has been publicly dishonored. Her fair name has been dragged in the mud by nineteen empty-headed students who wanted to get their names in the tabloids." Such is the editorial reward conferred by the Yale *Daily News* upon the members of the Yale Liberal Club who were recently arrested in New Haven. The offending students, it appears, were determined that the people of New Haven should learn of the neckwear strike in that city, of the efforts of two factories, Stern & Merrit and Berkman & Adler, to saddle sweatshop conditions on the New Haven workers, and of the struggle of the United Neckwear Makers' Union to establish a local. Since the New Haven newspapers refused to print anything relating to the union side of the strike, a committee of the Liberal Club conducted its own investigation, and after three months of careful study printed a pamphlet covering all issues of the controversy. It was when the students tried to distribute the pamphlets that they were nabbed by the alert New Haven police, ready at hand. On the police blotter they were charged with distributing "advertising" matter without a permit! And now to quote the *News* again: "From coast to coast perturbed alumni are holding indignation meetings and anxious fathers are wondering if Yale is a safe place for their sons." It is not that the "empty-headed" students failed to make an accurate and fair study of the neckwear industry; their report entitled "Is This Fair Play?" was authoritative, and simply maintained that "sweatshop" conditions that had already been forbidden in New York should not be permitted in New Haven. No, the real offense of the students, according to Dean Clarence W. Mendell, consisted in their "trespassing on the hospitality of the city." Well, if that is ungentlemanly, we commend the Yale students for their crude behavior.

THE HIGHEST TRIBUNAL of the State of New York, the Court of Appeals, has just uttered some healthful doctrine in overthrowing an injunction obtained from a lower bench by the Interborough Rapid Transit Company against several of its employees. The Interborough, operator of New York City subways, sought to prevent a campaign

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

among its men to lead them to desert the company union in favor of the National Association of Street Car and Electric Employees. The Court of Appeals says:

> *Where employees have freedom of choice a labor union* may not be accused of malicious interference when it urges the employees to make that choice in its favor; even though the choice may involve termination of present employment and consequent disruption of a business organization.
>
> The defendants have the right to induce the plaintiff's employees to join the Amalgamated Association, though that may involve termination of their employment. They are under no obligation to the plaintiff to inform it that some of the plaintiff's employees are joining the union, so that the plaintiff may exercise its choice of retaining or discharging the new members.

The injunction thus overthrown was granted in 1926, and is distinct from a restraining order which the company is now seeking to obtain, but the decision will probably have a beneficial effect upon the pending issue.

KENTUCKY'S COURT OF APPEALS has affirmed the verdicts of criminal libel found against two Negro editors, under which I. Willis Cole of the Louisville *Leader* was fined $250 and William Warley of the Louisville *News* was fined $500. Both editors had questioned the fairness of the trial of two Negroes, Fleming and Bard. Mr. Warley went to the trial at Madisonville, but it was suggested that he leave, and he walked to the train with a militia captain at his side. Without attempting to argue the guilt or innocence of the prisoners, Mr. Warley said in his newspaper that a fair trial was impossible with a mob outside the courthouse and militiamen called upon to escort the jurors to and from the premises. To us the inference seems reasonable and the criticism legitimate. Had the editors been white men writing in wealthy and powerful journals we think they would not have been prosecuted and that in affirming the verdicts the Court of Appeals—like the highest tribunal of Massachusetts in the Sacco-Vanzetti case—has been more swayed by a desire to uphold the power of the State's judicial machinery than to protect citizens.

THE SIXTEEN HARMON AWARDS for distinguished achievement among Negroes have just been announced. At least two of the recipients—James Weldon Johnson and Eric Waldron, both of whom received awards for literature—are already nationally known. In science, the first award goes to James A. Parsons, a twenty-seven-year-old metallurgist, for his research in aluminum bronze; in music, to R. Nathaniel Dett, director of music at Hampton Institute, and Clarence C. White, director of music at the West Virginia Collegiate Institute, both of whom are composers. The first awards for religious service, education, fine arts, and business go, respectively, to William De Berry, pastor of St. John's Congregational Church at Springfield, Massachusetts; John D. Davies, president of West Virginia Collegiate Institute; Laura Wheeler Waring; and Anthony Overton of Chicago.

MORALS AND MANNERS, ethics and etiquette, were never worse confused than in the case of Maude Royden, the well-known British evangelist. The Women's Home Missionary Societies of Chicago and of Boston, who believe that smoking renders her unfit to lecture, have not questioned her orthodoxy. But the ladies who declare that smoking in this country "is not done at all by women of our churches," have succumbed to the theory that certain ways of satisfying the appetite are inherently sinful. Thus a man who takes a glass of wine or smokes a pipe is immoral while a man who dies from indigestion brought on by over-eating is merely guilty of bad taste. Whiskey and tobacco are devices of the devil; chocolate eclairs and roast fowl and alligator pears and baked Alaska ice-cream are very nice, though if you eat too much of them they will make you sick. Tobacco depletes the family exchequer; so do apple-pie and chewing-gum and the radio. But to date not a missionary society has uttered a word against any of the latter.

HARVARD UNIVERSITY, and that part of our people which is interested in foreign policy, have sustained a severe loss in the death of Professor Archibald Cary Coolidge, since 1893 a teacher of history at Cambridge and for the last five years editor of the American *Foreign Affairs*. A man of considerable private means, he gave largely of them to his university, especially for its library, on the development of which he exercised a large influence as chairman of the library committee. In this field his loss is really irreparable, for he brought to it wisdom, astonishing knowledge and foresight, and an enthusiasm which knew no bounds. In foreign lands he was an inveterate traveler and a penetrating observer, and his talents were properly recognized by his selection as one of the experts of the American peace delegation, as head of the American Economic Mission to Austria and Hungary, and as a member of the American Relief Mission to Russia in 1921. Singularly modest and entirely unwilling to have anyone blow his trumpet for him, his point of view was by nature conservative. But if it was not possible for Professor Coolidge to indulge in passionate outbursts against any international wrong, he was a most useful recorder of facts and viewpoints and above all a teacher beloved of his students.

LOUIS F. POST, who died in Washington on January 10, bridged a chasm between two generations. He ran for Congress on the Labor Party ticket in 1882, and in 1887 presided over the New York State convention of the Labor Party. Most of us are unaware that there was a Labor Party in America forty years ago; our short memories do not go back of Samuel Gompers. Those were the days when Henry George stirred New York in a warm-hearted labor campaign, when class-consciousness was probably as acute in America as it has ever been. The Knights of Labor faded out, and with them the Labor Party of the eighties, but Mr. Post remained Henry George's staunch disciple, and it may be as an apostle of the single tax, and editor for fifteen years of the single-tax organ, the *Public*, that Mr. Post will be most remembered. We recall with gratitude that throughout the Wilson Administration he served as Assistant Secretary of Labor, and worked steadily to mitigate the meanness of the Mitchell Palmer regime. He kept his head and studied the facts. Palmer's "red-hunters" issued more than 2,500 warrants for deportation; Mr. Post issued deportation orders in only 562 cases; and after the worst was over, setting down the vile record for all time in "The Deportation Delirium of 1920," he wrote that no bombs or explosives had been discovered and that an instance of even violent opinions "was as great a curiosity as a sport in a herd of cattle."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Thomas Hardy

THE death of Thomas Hardy closes a long and famous career, and removes a literary figure so familiar that he had begun to seem almost immortal. If Hardy as poet has been a subject in recent years for the younger critics to grow excited about, Hardy as novelist was the theme of their grandfathers. Few careers have been so copious or so interesting; none, perhaps, has presented the spectacle of an author practicing the art of prose fiction for thirty years and then for thirty more devoting himself to the production of a vast body of important verse. How much he was a world figure it is difficult just now to say. There were many complaints while he lived concerning his neglect by the Nobel Prize committee, and it is certain that he outshone some of the European writers who received the prize. But he may turn out to have been so purely English that he called for no recognition outside of that region to which he consecrated himself, those limits within which he so steadfastly worked.

Hardy died, as he was born, and lived most of his eighty-seven years, in Dorsetshire. This fidelity to a single locality which he made known as "Wessex" has had much to do with our notion of him as an author possessing in a peculiar degree the quality of consistency; though it is probably not true that he was more consistent with himself than other great artists in words. Hardy's advantage was that his universe had geographical character; it had name, color, form, and a history, so that we could not have missed its features if we would. And in general the advantage of this man who began by being an architect was that he knew how to draw his subjects, whether they were landscapes or men, with hard, sharp lines, all the more unforgettable because a mysterious light played over them.

The fascination of Hardy's novels, and later of his poems, for at least two generations of British and American readers is something of which no one even now may know the measure. How many more generations there will be to fall under his spell is an interesting question. Doubtless his greatest value will prove to have been for us who were his contemporaries, who lived in the world he bent his strange eyes upon, who met more or less at first hand the materials which he shaped so bitterly and so doggedly to his vision. To the extent at any rate that this vision was conditioned by purely nineteenth-century attitudes and discoveries, Hardy was for our time. How much he was for all time—how much he was a man whose point of view can be comprehensible and important always—time alone will tell.

It is significant that he began to write during the years which followed the publication of "The Origin of Species," and that he was never without concern over the meaning of natural science to the future of man's imagination and morals. His "pessimism"—he never liked the word—was in large part determined by his discovery that Nature, if she has a plan at all, has one which, far from being conceived in the interest of human beings, makes no reference to them whatever. Every serious nineteenth-century writer had to face this new fact, if fact it is, and most of those who did so ended with the smile—or the sigh—of compromise upon their features. Hardy never compromised. With a bitterness which at first was tolerable only to a few but which, as it grew upon him, grew in favor generally, he hewed his path straight through to what was for him the central problem of life—how to understand, how to accept the discrepancy between desire and destiny, between man's hope for himself and Nature's ruthless way with him, between personality and fate. His novels, like his poems later on, took for their background a Nature beautiful but sinister, and somewhat larger in scale than the people who lived their lives in its shadow. And the people were most of them designed to show how little provision has been made in the universe for the subtle brain, the sensitive heart, the intricately trained passions of that oddly developed and perhaps superfluous creature, man. Such was Hardy's theme, and such his motivation as he maneuvered his characters into the cruel jaws of frustration or mischance.

Chance was cruel, but Hardy was not. Called so by readers and reviewers, he rarely retaliated with a word, though in the end he gave up novel-writing altogether, in disgust, he intimated, because he had been so consistently misunderstood. (He gave it up only to become the greatest of contemporary English poets.) His own view of himself was of one overborne with pity, of one whose heart was wrung by a spectacle which nevertheless he must go on describing because it and no other was there to be described. In 1922 Hardy took the occasion of a preface to state his whole position:

> What is today, in allusions to the present author's pages, alleged to be "pessimism" is, in truth, only . . . "questionings" in the exploration of reality, and is the first step toward the soul's betterment, and the body's also. . . . But it is called pessimism nevertheless. . . . Happily there are some who feel . . . that amendment and not madness lies that way. And looking down the future these few hold fast to the same: that whether the human and kindred animal races survive till the exhaustion or destruction of the globe, or whether these races perish and are succeeded by others before that conclusion comes, pain to all upon it, tongued or dumb, shall be kept down to a minimum by loving-kindness, operating through scientific knowledge, and actuated by the modicum of free will conjecturally possessed by organic life when the mighty necessitating forces—unconscious or other—that have "the balancings of the clouds" happen to be in equilibrium, which may or may not be often.

Such a statement may not be exactly comforting; but it is clear, and it comes very near to being a complete statement of Hardy's view.

Elsewhere he protested that he had no "view"—the thing so called, he said, being "really a series of fugitive impressions which I have never tried to coordinate." To the extent that this is true Hardy's works may be destined to long life; too strict a philosophy dooms a story-teller to death as soon as his generation has passed. And it is true to the extent that one can suspect the existence behind the philosopher of a temperament which might have disposed him to melancholy and pity no matter in what century he had been born. Otherwise, surely, he would not have begun so early on a certain note and kept on it so

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

long. Otherwise he would scarcely have treated a limited theme with so exhaustive a passion. Otherwise he might not have been the convincing artist he is. For he is convincing. Though his fiction has undoubtedly suffered some degree of eclipse during the past quarter-century behind the new marvel of his poetry, though there are more than ever now to say that his plots are too complicated, his scenes too theatrically lighted, his prose style too stiff, he must still be acknowledged as one of those masters of narrative who can make the reader follow wherever the story goes, as one with unexampled powers of creating and sustaining illusion. Whether or not he was a world figure, he was a great artist in that his character came profoundly out of his temperament. In any other century he might have given these reasons for refusing an invitation to the United States:

> My ardors for emprise nigh lost
> Since Life has bared its bones to me,
> I shrink to seek a modern coast
> Whose riper times have yet to be;
> Where the new regions claim them free
> From that long drip of human tears
> Which peoples old in tragedy
> Have left upon the centuried years.

New York Kills Again

AGAIN the State of New York has taken human life deliberately—as an act of vengeance. It has at once violated the Fifth Commandment and that Scriptural injunction which reads: "Vengeance is mine saith the Lord"—this by way of inculcating respect for Scriptural law and obedience to the highest teaching. In putting to death Ruth Snyder and Judd Gray it has committed in cold blood the very crime for which it punished these particularly revolting criminals, who acted under the pressure of drink and passion. Not in many years has there been as sordid and disgusting a crime in New York; never has there been more general agreement that if the death penalty is ever to be enforced this man and woman surely merited it. Yet never, we believe, has a punishment more completely failed as a deterrent. And never, we are glad to say, have so many protests been voiced against it.

Warden Lawes himself issued a statement denouncing capital punishment the day before the execution, to the scandal of some of the daily newspapers who were increasing their circulation by publishing great headlines or extra editions. Judge Townsend Scudder, who tried the case, declares that capital punishment offers no remedy for murder. The New York *Telegram* well says:

> What does it do to our souls when we, the citizens of this great State, insist that the cold-blooded, measured law of vengeance—eye for eye, tooth for tooth—be meted out to any human being? . . . Each of us might as well have pulled the switch.

Counsel for the condemned also called for the abolition of this whole terrible procedure. In the most fashionable Episcopalian pulpit in New York the Rev. Dr. Robert Norwood made his protest against the spirit of hate and vengeance which finds its expression in capital punishment and in war. Wherever one talked with people the justice of the penalty was admitted, but it was coupled with a denunciation of the penalty itself. Every one who witnessed the execution must have felt the wrongfulness of it; certainly no humane person could have left the death chamber without a feeling of revulsion.

As for the deterrent effect, we leave it to the psychologists to estimate the amount of harm done by the sensationalism of the press, especially of the tabloids, which stopped at nothing. We cannot but believe that the wholesale suggestion given, the morbidness created, and the brutalizing of the public, by the playing up of this crime as a matter of greater importance in the amount of space awarded to it than almost any other contemporary event, has done more harm than any good it may have accomplished. Yet, if there is no publicity given to the punishment, those who believe in it as a deterrent demand greater publicity. What a confusion of ethics, of morals, and of reasoning!

Now the truth is that the death penalty was never a deterrent, not even in the days when it was bestowed for the stealing of a handkerchief or the taking of a purse. It is of record that when men were publicly executed for such a crime in London the same crime was committed innumerable times in the crowd around the scaffold at the very moment of the punishment. If execution is a deterrent then there ought to be public executions. But modern governments have found that they were too brutalizing and too revolting to the conscience of every decent person. Hence the killing is done behind closed doors with as few witnesses as possible. It is something to be hidden away and concealed while the abominable pretense is kept up that the state must commit murder to prevent murder. No, there is only one sound principle for the state, and that is to admit the inviolability of human life at all times. When it takes this stand it will concentrate an outraged public opinion upon the murderers of civil life and the murderers of the battlefield.

What They Die For

THE marines are pouring into Nicaragua; in the end, we suppose, they will occupy the villages, send columns into the mountains, and round up the recalcitrant patriots—as Pershing's men, and Wood's, and "Hell-roaring Jake" Smith's troops did in the Philippines a quarter century ago. Flames of decency still burn in the United States, as the stirring letter from Sergeant Hemphill's father, quoted by our Unofficial Spokesman, shows; but the heart of America, blunted and corrupted in the struggle against Philippine freedom, still further dulled by the hypocrisies of the World War, seems to beat to other rhythms. Yet the war in Nicaragua is about the meanest, least justifiable enterprise in which this nation has yet engaged.

Everyone seems to agree that we have "blundered." Few seem to think that the way to repair a blunder is to shift gears and head in the other direction. And few seem to realize that anything is happening in Nicaragua except battles with Sandino. Behind the battle-line, however, American control is being riveted upon the little country in a fashion which no election can repair; its resources have been used to fight America's battles, and now they are being pledged for years to come to New York bankers.

There is open talk of a new loan to Nicaragua, on terms which even the puppet Diaz resents. It will be recalled that the marines kept President Diaz in office when he had lost all control over his own country. We did not come to his

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

aid free. We compelled him to buy peace. Colonel Stimson's "peace plan," forced on Nicaragua last spring, was one of the most sordid maneuvers in the history of imperialism. Stimson went to the Opposition leaders, and told them that if they continued to fight the whole force of the United States would be employed against them, but that, if they would surrender their arms, they would be paid in gold dollars for their guns and ammunition. Craven Moncada, the Liberal leader who is now defending American policy, accepted the bribe. The "bandit" Sandino patriotically refused it, and faced death to defy the dollars and bullets of the Yankee colossus. But Diaz had no money to pay Moncada to surrender; and our Government did not foot the bill. Indeed, it persuaded the Guaranty Trust Company to lend the money to Diaz. And the terms of that loan were a scandal, even in Wall Street.

For a one-year loan of $1,000,000, Diaz was forced to put a mortgage on the capital stock and dividends of the National Bank of Nicaragua (a corporation with a paid-in capital of $300,000 and worth twice that) and on the entire capital stock of the Pacific Railways of Nicaragua (worth more than the total amount of the loan); to pledge the export tax on coffee, the new customs duties on tobacco, wines, and liquors, and the increased tolls on other commodities; to give the bankers a five-year option on new Nicaraguan loans; and to transfer to New York, for the benefit of the credit-givers, the bank's and railroad's deposits (said to be above $400,000). The contract also provided that the money would be used primarily to buy (American) munitions and, apparently, to bribe Moncada —and would be expended under the direction of a special committee of three, two of the three being Americans, one named by the State Department, the other by the bankers.

That loan expires on March 31—although it includes a provision by which it may be extended for another six months. Negotiations are now under way for another loan to replace it, and also to cover the enormous expenses incurred by Diaz in maintaining himself in power against the wishes of his countrymen. Diaz signed that loan contract willingly enough, but apparently the terms proposed for the new loan are worse still—they stump even Diaz, who is reported to be about to resign in disgust. A letter received by a certain large business house in New York from another business house in Nicaragua asserts that the difficulties of the business situation there are not due to war depression but to the fact that the Diaz Government

> is negotiating a loan with certain New York bankers to obtain money to pay the war debts and damages, and the Government does not want to accept clauses of the contract which the bankers demand and, therefore, to force the Government to come to terms, the bank has stopped all operations with the exception of collecting. This, of course, as they control the custom-house revenues and the Banco Nacional de Nicaragua, establishes a short and vicious circle. Currency is getting scarcer every day, and in the end it will all go to the Banco Nacional, for the customs duties are the most exorbitant ever heard of.

The business man adds his prediction that the legislature will have to accept the bankers' terms. Meanwhile the State Department, supporting the bankers, is demanding that the legislature also revise the Nicaraguan Constitution to permit United States marines to supervise the elections. A pretty business indeed for the United States of America to be supporting! A fine cause to die for!

Mr. Coolidge at Havana

URIAH HEEP spoke at the opening session of the Pan-American Congress at Havana and never did that oily person mix to a greater degree sanctimonious preaching of the Golden Rule, shameless hypocrisy, and platitudinous humbuggery. With all the meaningless words squeezed out of it, Mr. Coolidge's speech boils down to nothing. There is not an original thought in it, not a new policy, not a constructive suggestion—merely that assumption of American supremacy in all undertakings and ideals which invariably infuriates all of Europe. No man with any sense of humor could have made such a speech. He has only himself to blame if everywhere in South and Central America people conceive of him as speaking with his tongue in his cheek, as the personification of Yankee boastfulness and vanity. He talked exactly the same kind of bunk which he would have offered to a convention of Rotarians or of the American Legion.

What could he have thought that his audience was? He lauded the Cubans for their intellectual qualities which, he declares, "have won for them a permanent place in science, art, and literature." The other nations represented have also reached high points of cultural development. Yet he expected them to swallow things like this at the very time when Haiti is ruled by our marines and at the moment our aviators in Nicaragua reported that they had killed forty Nicaraguans—sex and age not stated:

> We have kept the peace so largely among our republics because democracies are peace-loving. They are founded on the desire to promote the general welfare of the people, which is seldom accomplished by warfare. In addition to this we have adopted a spirit of *accommodation, good-will, confidence, and mutual helpfulness*. We have been slow to anger and plenteous in mercy. [Italics ours.] . . . We must join together in assuring conditions under which our republics will have the freedom and the responsibility of working out their own destiny in their own way. . . . We shall have to realize that the highest law is consideration, cooperation, friendship, and charity. Without the application of these there can be no peace and no progress, no liberty. . . .

The men who heard this canting stuff have memories. They recall not only Haiti, Nicaragua, Santo Domingo, and recent Mexican history; they remember also the Mexican War with its theft of Mexico and Arizona—that war which Ulysses S. Grant, Mr. Coolidge's predecessor, called not an act of consideration and good-will but the most despicable and indefensible of wars. They remember when Mr. Coolidge spoke of Cuba's possessing her own sovereignty, and being free and independent and peaceful, that it was the United States which forced Cuba into the World War merely in order to gain possession of a few German ships; that American garrisons are encamped on her soil on territory ceded to the United States under compulsion—and that Cuba lives under their threat; that Cuba's independence is gravely limited by us through the Platt Amendment.

No, Mr. Coolidge's smooth words at Havana will butter no parsnips. Say what you will about Latin-Americans, their weaknesses and their vanities, one cannot accuse them of being fools or dolts. They know the value of ceremonial politeness and of palavering as well as Mr. Coolidge. The Havana Conference is open. It should demand that the United States square its deeds with Mr. Coolidge's words.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Criminal Ineptitude

REAR ADMIRAL FRANK H. BRUMBY, if he has either heart or conscience, spent a bad hour and a quarter before the naval court of inquiry into the sinking of the submarine S-4. The Admiral began by saying "the final decision was mine and the responsibility is mine." He accuses himself, therefore, of as monstrous a piece of ignorance, negligence, and delay as has ever been spread upon the public record. This his own words prove.

It was shocking enough to discover that at least thirty-eight of the S-4's crew died not by drowning but by asphyxiation. Upon getting down an air line, therefore, thirty-eight lives depended. And with regard to the all-important air line, hear Admiral Brumby before the court of inquiry:

QUESTION: Why did it take so long for air to be started into the compartment?

ADMIRAL BRUMBY: *"I just can't be positive about such things. I just can't remember. Ask the technical people."*

Q.: At the time the first diver went down on Sunday, December 18, and heard tappings from the torpedo room, why did he not connect up the air-hose then?

ADMIRAL B.: *"I am not familiar with the details of the construction of submarines, but those who were there thought the steps being taken were the proper ones."*

Q.: Why was not the salvage compartment line, constructed to send breathing air into the torpedo chamber, connected?

ADMIRAL B.: *"Well, I don't really know. I can't answer that question. My impression is the divers did all they could do. As to details I can't tell you. You'll have to ask the technical men."*

Q.: When was the compartment air line connected?

ADMIRAL B.: *"I don't know that it was ever connected. I'm not sure."*

The Admiral was asked whether he thought the Falcon well equipped for rescue work.

ADMIRAL B.: *"There is none better anywhere, but I don't know. I can't be positive about such things."*

This record would be merely pitiful if twoscore human lives had not been at stake—not to mention thousands of others over whom this particular officer of the United States Navy is in command. It may be that the "technical men" in whom Admiral Brumby was willing to put all his trust did everything possible to save the crew of the S-4. But Admiral Brumby ended his testimony by saying: "All that could have been done by anybody was done there." Not quite all. It would have been more accurate for the Admiral to have said: "I believe my subordinates, brave and honest and capable men, did their best. But I, their commander, *in charge of all the submarines on the Atlantic Coast*, did not know my job. I know nothing of submarines; I know less of submarine rescue work; I am no more fitted than the merest sailor to be in command of men in this line of work. In short, it may be that through my own ignorance I sent forty men to their death." It would be the veriest impertinence for Admiral Brumby, provided he made any such admission, to add: "And this I regret." It is too late for regrets. The forty are dead. But others are in danger, and will remain so as long as the navy is commanded by men who are confessedly incompetent and unfamiliar with the details of the ships intrusted to their care.

Autos and Then Autos

CROWDS and crowds; new models, new beauty, new colors, new styles, new prices, and new inducements; greater public interest than ever—this was the New York automobile show in 1928. "We must put on this year a better and more extensive sales campaign than ever," declared the head of one of the companies to his assembled salesmen at their annual feast. Undoubtedly he was right, despite the proof of unparalleled public interest, despite the crowds at Mr. Ford's rival show at the Madison Square Garden, despite the large number of sales made. For the public showed this year a much keener understanding of technical problems, an insistence on studying engines as well as bodies, and a thorough appreciation that it holds the whip-hand to an unprecedented degree, that it may easily make or break important manufacturers before another show comes around. For there is a price war on and a production war too, and the American public, especially the younger generation looking forward to its first cars, finds as much of a thrill in critically studying car-progress as it ever has in baseball or football or prize-fighting.

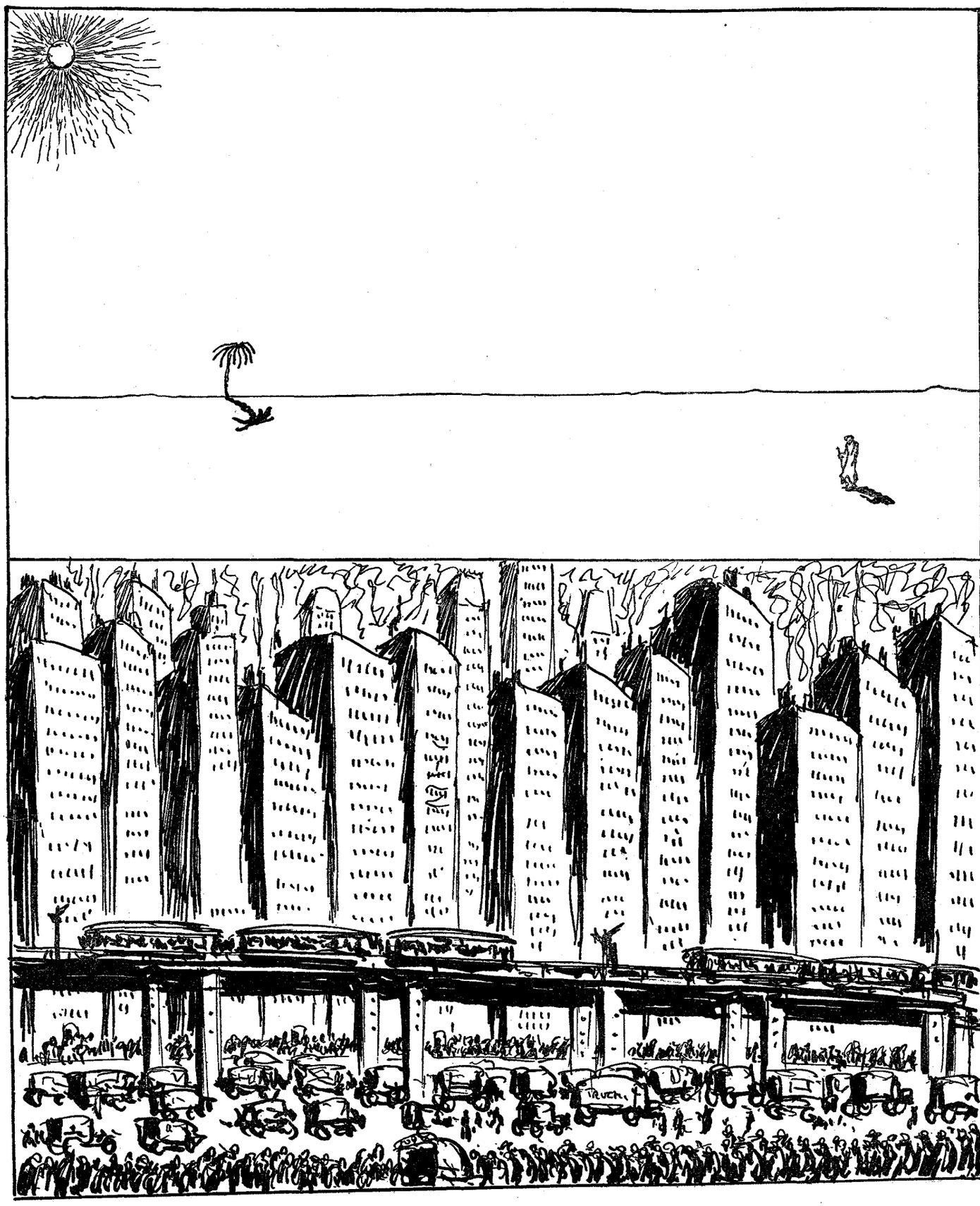
For some of the companies this is, therefore, a serious year. Their stock-issues are selling at very low figures in Wall Street and they are struggling to make a living in the face of the competition of General Motors with its slogan of a car for every purse. Between its Chevrolet and the new Ford—for which already 740,000 orders have been taken—there will be a race indeed. Mr. Ford has his work cut out for him. His old model had road qualities which made it indispensable to farmers living in remote regions. The new Ford is without them and must, moreover, prove to the public that it will "stand up" to its work. Mr. Ford must also face the difficulty that his dealers are even now unable to fill new orders prior to August next.

Again, take the Paige car. It has been acquired by the three Graham brothers who turned out the most original and attractive appearing cars at the show. Obviously these skilled makers of trucks must now produce an unusually good automobile or go to the wall; there is no room in the Paige field for a mediocre car. Indeed, as time passes, we believe that there will be still further consolidations even though the one talked of in connection with William C. Durant has never come to pass.

How long the motor industry's prosperity will last no one can say. But there is little or no talk of the "saturation-point" being reached. We are no longer merely a one-car people; two-car garages are the order of the day. And what is growing increasingly serious for the dealer is the problem of disposing of used cars. It is impossible to fix prices for second-hand motors when those for new cars are changing hourly, when the public is being urged by dealers to change its cars oftener by reliance upon purchaser-credit plans. Cars which a few years ago could have been sold for $600 are now almost given away, and still the cry is buy, buy, and turn in your old car.

Altogether the industry will bear close watching in 1928, not wholly because of the competition within it, but because it is an index to at least part of the country's prosperity. If it begins to weaken and to lose ground, it will not only endanger the whole structure of credit-buying, but will create consternation in all related industries.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Which Landscape Is the Lonelier?

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

It Seems To Heywood Broun

I DON'T wish to seem annoyed every week. Many things in the world are doing as well as could be expected. In spite of sun spots the weather has been satisfactory. Fine books are being written and a few fine plays. Most people are agreeable and one or two heroic. Still, sooner or later, I must say something about the Rev. Dr. S. Parkes Cadman, president of the Federal Council of Churches of Christ in America. He is the Protestant Pope but, unlike the one in Rome, he writes a daily piece for the papers.

Not everything about this man is by any means deplorable. The Christian virtues are excellent and many of them dwell in him. But he was in the baggage car when the announcement came that humility was now being served in the diner. Meekness, to be sure, can be overcome. Some humble folk seem almost to cry aloud "Please put your foot upon my face," and, God forgive me, I cannot always remain adamant against this request. But no man should ever preach without some sanctification of uncertainty. One may accept each word of Scripture as a literal revelation and see nevertheless that some things were left still misty for the mind of man. There is nothing in the Bible to indicate that it was God's intent to lay bare His full purpose before the coming of His kingdom. So a minister should be constrained to say upon very many occasions, "I don't know."

This is a statement I've seen only once in the voluminous writings of Dr. Cadman and even then he used it roguishly as one writing less from conviction than for the record. The daily communique is done in the form of answers to questions from correspondents and, as one versed in the style and moods of people who write to the papers, I gravely suspect that the good Doctor is often interlocutor as well as end man. Against this base thought there lies the fact that sometimes a hard one is slipped over on the Doctor. And it is in handling these that he manages to arouse my resentment. God must be mocked by some of the arguments made in His favor by His creatures. Undoubtedly Dr. Cadman believes that the wisdom of the Creator is infinite and yet he never hesitates to expound it.

Fresh laid before me lies a question in the Cadman column from a woman in Ohio assailed by doubt. She is troubled because it seems to her that women play a wholly secondary role in the Bible. In particular she singles out St. Paul as one belittling her sex. Again in natural law, which she feels must be God's law, the correspondent finds woman bearing more than an equal share of agony. And her last fling is the assertion that the civil rights won by women in America have been gained without benefit of clergy.

Now these are all matters which should give pause to a minister. He ought to try and shift the blame to the imperfections of man-made law, of government, and of medicine rather than accept the conditions as palpably part of God's plan. No such caution assails Dr. Cadman.

"Natural law," he writes, "does not discriminate against woman. True, her body is more finely articulated than man's, but her observance of the rules of hygiene and health promotes her physical welfare equally with his, and she also possesses a peculiar resistant power against pain. To be sure, maternity costs heavily, but is not the baby worth all it costs? Ask any mother."

I might allow Dr. Cadman to speak for God, but I must say I bristle when he undertakes to provide from his own experience a "peculiar resistant power against pain" for women in the pangs of childbirth. Dr. Cadman, you were never there. This insulation against agony is not a thing demonstrable in any laboratory. No doctor could, with full knowledge, say as much and this is not wisdom particularly given to the clergy. Until recent years the medical profession has been not overly interested in the sufferings peculiar to women. Possibly there are sound medical objections to Twilight Sleep and later techniques but openly in convention physicians have stood up to say: "The pain of childbirth is God's intention and we should not interfere." Dr. Cadman seems prepared to say the same thing but I believe it blasphemy to assume that every bungled fact in life must be accepted as part of a divine scheme. After Eden, man's very definite instructions were to work for his own salvation. Nor can I quite understand how Eve, being "more finely articulated," is also more richly endowed to withstand shock and pain.

But in his final answer to the woman's complaint I find Dr. Cadman even more audacious and arrogant. "The consideration shown your sex in our republic," he writes, "is due entirely to man's reverence for the will of God concerning woman. . . . That other nations and some men in our own have been unpardonably tardy in this respect is the result of their disregard of that will. There is therefore every reason why women should love God and follow Christ, asking daily for wisdom and guidance in order that they may not abuse the freedom upon which they have entered."

I have no knowledge of the Creator's attitude toward the Nineteenth Amendment but surely the churches of Christ in America played a meager part in the winning of the suffrage. Neither among Protestants nor Catholics have women by tradition been granted an equal share in management. And "man's reverence for the will of God" had nothing whatever to do with the vote. As a matter of fact man did not hand the franchise over to the woman as a free-will offering. He yielded under pressure after she had kicked and screamed and picketed. Render unto God the things that are God's and unto Caesar's wife the things that are hers.

I have not quoted Dr. Cadman in the entirety of his answer but I read him through and the query about St. Paul was left unanswered. It was convenient to omit him because, you see, St. Paul was beyond any doubt a man who believed that woman's place was in the home—if even there.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Covering Washington

The Nation's *Biweekly Washington Letter*

By THE UNOFFICIAL SPOKESMAN

Washington, D. C., January 16

IT is a lie, the editorial banquet speakers invariably tell us, to say that newspapers ever deliberately suppress news which is worth printing. Every experienced newspaperman, they invariably add, knows that the charge is absurd. Speaking as an experienced newspaperman, the writer would like to know how many newspapers, other than the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch*, published in full the open letter to President Coolidge, which appeared in that newspaper January 4, and of those editors who did not publish it the writer politely inquires whether in their judgment it was not a good story. It follows:

MR. CALVIN COOLIDGE,
WASHINGTON, D. C.;
DEAR MR. PRESIDENT:

According to dispatches of today (January 3) from Managua, my son, Sergeant John F. Hemphill, was killed in action against General Sandino's troops.

For the death of my son I hold no malice against General Sandino or any of his men, for I think, and I believe that 90 per cent of our people agree with me, that they are today fighting for their liberty, as our forefathers fought for our liberty in 1776, and that we, as a nation, have no legal or moral right to be murdering those liberty-loving people in a war of aggression.

What we are doing is nothing less than murder, for the sole purpose of keeping in power a puppet President, and acting as a collector for Wall Street, which is certainly against the spirit and letter of our Constitution.

My son was twenty-nine years old, served three years of his third enlistment, survived honorable service through the World War against Germany, only to be officially murdered in a disgraceful war against this little nation.

My father served through the Civil War, both my grandfathers died in action in the same war, and I am proud of their records, so this is not from the pen of a red radical, but from one who loves justice and fair play.

I have four sons, and if necessity arose I would be willing to sacrifice not only all four sons, but my own life as well, in a war of defense, but I am not willing to shed one drop of blood in a war of aggression, such as this one is.

You have lost a son and know the sorrow, and we as a nation mourned with you in your hour of grief. Suppose that son had fallen, as my son has, a victim of the greed of Wall Street, would you feel that the financial gain was worth the cost?

Ferguson, Missouri JOHN S. HEMPHILL

I repeat, I would like all those editors who contend that this story was not worth printing to raise their hands.

THE Senate committee investigating Mr. Hearst's forged documents let him off with a love tap, as everybody expected. What else could it do? Of the five members, four are from States where Mr. Hearst has from one to four papers, and three of them are candidates for reelection next year, the fourth having been reelected last year with the support of a Hearst paper. As chairman, there was Reed of Pennsylvania. Mr. Hearst has recently well-nigh cornered the newspaper market in Pittsburgh. Johnson of California not only has enjoyed the fervent support of the San Francisco *Examiner*, but on at least one occasion he has represented Hearst in an important lawsuit. Bruce of Maryland had the Baltimore *American* to think of. Jones of Washington enjoyed the support of the Seattle *Post-Intelligencer* in his campaign last year. Vice-President Dawes (of Chicago, home of the *Herald-Examiner and American*) may not have packed the committee for Hearst, but he certainly was the victim of an extraordinary set of coincidences.

* * * * *

BY the time this letter is printed the old Teapot probably will be seething again. The purpose of this supplementary investigation, which again will be dominated by Senator Walsh, is to discover what became of the $2,770,000 in Liberty bonds which remained in the treasury of the bogus Continental Trading Company after $240,500 worth had been secretly forwarded to former Secretary Fall by his son-in-law, Everhart. Senator Norris introduced a resolution authorizing the Public Lands Committee to take up the trail of the remainder, after it became apparent that the Department of Justice had no intention of doing so, and that President Coolidge had no intention of directing it to do so. For several years there has been a story that a part of these bonds was used to pay off the heavy deficit suffered by the Republican National Committee in piling up seven million majority for Harding and Coolidge in 1920. That possibility will be explored, together with a number of others, equally exciting.

* * * * *

TO Reed Smoot, the high priest of protection, we are indebted for the most naive betrayal of the iniquity of the whole tariff system ever uttered in the United States Senate. He did not mean to do it, bless his stupid soul, but he managed to strip it of its hypocritical pretenses and leave it standing naked before the public in all its ugliness. He confirmed the formula that greed multiplied by greed makes a tariff bill.

Irritated by the Progressive demand for a revision of the tariff, Mr. Smoot lost his patience and read into the record a compilation of the votes of his low-tariff colleagues when the Fordney-McCumber bill was under consideration five years ago. He showed that when products from their own States were affected, most of the low-tariff men rose above principle and voted for the highest duties they could get.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

It did not seem to penetrate Mr. Smoot's ponderous intellect that he was exposing the rottenness of his own precious tariff. Bills are deliberately laden with such bribes to catch men who might otherwise vote against the tariff.

* * * * *

FEW men in public life have ever received more generous treatment from the press than Herbert Hoover. Correspondents and editorial writers vie with one another in singing his praises. Yet few statesmen have ever been so thin-skinned. Woodrow Wilson used to wish he could hang his Senatorial critics, but even he had the hide of a rhinoceros compared to Mr. Hoover.

Write an uncomplimentary piece in the newspapers or magazines about Mr. Hoover, and you are likely to be visited by one of his bright young henchmen who will want to know just why you did it. It makes one wonder how he will act when the campaign gets under way and his enemies go after him in earnest.

Already they have started a mysterious anti-Hoover propaganda sheet in Washington. Its name is *Politics*, published by the Politics Publishing Company. In its first issue it proclaims itself "independent and non-partisan" but there is good reason to suspect that it is pro-Lowden. Editorially it discusses Mr. Hoover's candidacy in the light of his party irregularity, winding up with the statement that "the political hybrid doesn't flourish on American soil." It probably will give the super-sensitive Mr. Hoover many uncomfortable moments before the campaign is over.

Dwight Morrow Agrees With Mexico

By CARLETON BEALS

Mexico City, January 13

THE amendment to the petroleum law submitted by President Calles to the Mexican Chamber of Deputies toward the end of December and on January 11 published in the *Diario Oficial* as the law of the land, represents the crowning failure of seventeen years of, for the most part, shameful and inept and unsuccessful American diplomacy in Mexico. With all due respect for Ambassador Dwight Whitney Morrow, this move by the Mexican Government constitutes one of the most astute maneuvers in international negotiation which it has been my lot to observe at close hand. At no time since the 1917 Queretaro Constitution went into effect would Mexico have refused to enact for us the law just passed. After more than a decade of harassment, strained relations, border antagonisms, hostile notes, and, on at least two occasions, imminence of war, we have obtained what we could have obtained at any moment had we been willing to accept it; we have probably obtained much less than we might have earlier in the game by an earlier pat on the shoulder. Such is our victory. For the oil people, a brick in a bouquet.

In other words Mr. Morrow's victory is over the imagination of the American electorate; his victory is over the dying political elements revolving around Teapot Dome, and over the traditional short-sighted, heavy-footed, hairy-breasted cudgel diplomacy of the past. The real test of Mr. Morrow's success in Mexico will be its sustained sincerity. The new petroleum law is initial proof of Mr. Morrow's capacity to secure better relations; it is equally a symbol of the failure of our previous diplomacy of harassment.

The test will be continuity after Mr. Morrow leaves his post. The American public is dreadfully short of memory. We are now observing the four-year recurrent tragicomedy of our relations with Mexico. Every Washington Administration begins, like the March wind that witnesses its inauguration, to demand blusteringly of Mexico a satisfactory and immediate acquiescence to every pending American demand. It usually ends, just before election time, by hastily patching up relations and selling to the American public the belief that the Mexican question has been settled for all time. Wilson did this. Harding did it. Long ago, Hayes did it. Coolidge is doing it; and Morrow is helping him.

A remarkably pat comparison with the Coolidge policy toward Mexico may be found in the Hayes Administration. Mr. Hayes came into office after a questionable victory over Tilden and after one of the most sordid campaigns in the history of American politics. Partisan feeling ran high. It was necessary to discover a live issue to divert public attention from recent domestic squabbles. As Mr. Foster, Minister to Mexico, put it in his "Memoirs" (I, 92):

> Certain gentlemen . . . conceived the idea that, in view of the tension . . . created by the partisans of Mr. Tilden and of the disturbed conditions of affairs in the Southern States, it would divert attention from pending issues and tend greatly to consolidate the new Administration, if war could be brought on with Mexico and another slice of its territory be added to the Union.

And so the Men of Measured Mirth began to belabor the new-born Government of Porfirio Diaz, which, emerging from the revolutionary period of Juarez and the troublous French intervention, found itself in much the same position at home and abroad as the present Calles-Obregon regime. Washington seized upon frontier difficulties, and numerous punitive expeditions dashed across the Rio Grande, on one occasion attacking and burning an Indian village and carrying off a number of the women. Hayes took up the questions of forced loans levied against American citizens, certain "unequal exactions," the Free Zone which gave rise to smuggling, the right of Americans to purchase property on the frontier, indemnity for alleged insults and injuries to American citizens, and protection of American life and property.

For three years this harassment continued, but Diaz maintained himself and even consolidated his position. He was playing trump cards. He was arousing the sentiment of Latin America against the United States. To Yankee financiers coming into Mexico he made tentative overtures; he sent agents into the United States to awake American public sentiment in his favor; the merchants and manufacturers of the West organized excursions to Mexico; Congress entertained bills designed to stimulate Mexican trade. And so the Diaz Government withstood every de-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

mand of the United States. And Hayes, with the elections approaching, was obliged to make a *volte-face,* instruct Foster to be friendly, and so "solve" the Mexican situation.

Recent times have witnessed almost similar phenomena, especially the Administration of Coolidge. Coolidge came into office with the stench of the Teapot Dome scandal in the nostrils of the country. Difficulties with Mexico soon distracted public attention. The irony in this later instance, however, has been that 75 per cent of the petroleum property that Mr. Kellogg was trying to protect belonged to the very elements involved in the Teapot Dome brew; much of whose property had been acquired in ways even more reprehensible than in the United States, and 90 per cent of whose titles were imperfect.

But Calles, like Diaz, resisted every demand. The large financiers (and after all the half-billion foreign debt is the largest single American stake in Mexico) were not entirely in accord with the petroleum fight. Also, trade began to suffer in Latin America, over the length and breadth of which the press was singing a chorus of hate against the "Colosus del Norte." Everywhere new anti-American organizations were mushrooming—the UCSAYA, the APRA, numerous students' federations. A congress of Latin-American students was called at Montevideo "to combat American imperialism." The Latin-American Union was active. All of which might have been ignored temporarily were not our own elections due this year, and if we did not have to confront twenty irate republics in the Pan-American Congress in Havana.

And so Mr. Sheffield, fortunately for everybody, was shelved; Mr. Morrow, fortunately for everybody, came upon the scene, and proceeded, with honey in his mouth, to win Mexico's friendship. His tactics have revealed the genius of an Oxenstierna—ham-and-egg breakfasts with Calles, trips with Calles, dinners at the Embassy attended by Calles and his entire Cabinet (unheard of for decades), Will Rogers, Lindbergh, Lindbergh's mother—a rapid-fire process. For those of us who, for the past ten years, have risked our reputations and financial welfare advocating decent relations between the two countries, the spectacle is decidedly agreeable, if somewhat amusing.

Hurriedly forced friendship between the United States and Mexico has its price for everybody concerned, which is as it should be. The gulf is so great! The wide differences between the economic, social, racial, and cultural lives of the two peoples, the overwhelming preponderance of American industrialism, the semi-colonial and feudal character of Mexico, our own aggressiveness, Mexico's sullen resistance—all this is not easily bridged, certainly not without surrenders.

Take the century-old characteristics of the Mexican Government. The Mexican state is an *ego sum qui sum.* Its traditions are derived from the Spanish super-state, plus the psychology of the Conquest. Its dominant character is imposition rather than responsibility. It is a closed corporation in its historical antecedents and traditions, aloof from the intimate life of the country. This has been true, though in lesser degree, even in these later revolutionary days. And though every regime must, sooner or later, answer to the Mexican nation—that amorphous, non-unified ensemble of races, creeds, and cultures—which gave it being, nevertheless the Government of Mexico may assume various dominant roles.

At the present juncture there are three major highways open to Latin-American governments. The first is that taken by Porfirio Diaz, who gradually turned his back upon his own people and allied himself with foreign capital. This is also the way of Diaz in Nicaragua, of Gomez in Venezuela, and of Leguia in Peru. The second possible road is that of Juarez and of Obregon and Calles, who allied themselves with the popular aspirations of their own country. The third possible way is to serve, not as a true government—except in part—but as a mediator between the popular and national needs on the one hand and Washington and American capital on the other; as a sort of lightning-rod for domestic and international storms, to keep the house from burning down. This is the role, not a very enviable one, to which the present regime now seems fated. Calles has been valiantly attempting to synthesize the national life, to unify its aims and aspirations, and to build up a native mechanism, a native bourgeoisie. But this, evidently, will not happen in our day. Obregon, on the other hand, has accepted the new mediatory role in his usual intuitive and bold fashion, planting himself, for national support, upon the radical peasantry, and for foreign support upon concessions to Washington and American capital. To do this he has had to clip the wings of the organized city workers, who are agreeable neither to the peasantry nor to foreign capital.

And so the Mexican Government now enters the role of mediator, and from this it may shift on to a somewhat modified Diaz position. It grows more apparent that the solution of the petroleum controversy was a condition to a broad financial scheme which Morrow brought in his pocket from the House of Morgan, a scheme which will permit of a readjustment in the foreign-debt payments; the reorganization, perhaps the abolition, of the claims commissions; the funding of all claims as a lump sum with the debt; the lifting of the embargo against war supplies to the Mexican Government, etc. The interests Morrow represents are probably not so much desirous of pushing the petroleum issue to its last legs as they are in assuring the ultimate payment of the debt, laying the bases for new loans, and securing other concessions which will be fully as valuable as the petroleum stake. Certainly the Morgan oil interests in Mexico, the Marland Oil Company, represented in Mexico by the Consolidated and the Franco-Española, promptly obeyed the original fifty-year concession law, as did other allied companies. And lately it was the De la Huerta-Lamont financial agreement, as much as anything else, which finally broke the 1921-1922 intervention drive by the Mexican Association of Producers of Petroleum.

Certainly the new law does not represent any substantial gain by the oil companies, to many quite the contrary. The November Supreme Court decision, shortly after Morrow's arrival, seemed to cede all. Calles in submitting the amendments which have now been passed declared that they followed the decision. The text tells a different story. It is hardtack on a silver platter. The move is clever, astutely diplomatic. Calles has chosen a moment when the hands of the oil people and the State Department are tied. The State Department cannot, at this moment, jeopardize its campaign for amity with Latin America; it cannot upset the proceedings of the Pan-American Congress any more than they will be upset by Sandino; and the people out Nebraska way will be suspicious of any new move by the oil people to precipitate a new controversy.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Just what is the status of the oil question? Mexico undoubtedly has gained much since the initial stages. Originally the State Department, a decade ago, refused to recognize any nationalization of Mexican oil "either by decree or by law." This position had to be hastily abandoned. The State Department next asserted that it would not accept the nationalization of the subsoil on any pre-1917 American properties. This was tantamount to declaring that Mr. John Doe must be guaranteed his subsoil rights on his vast tracts of land out toward Coahuila, bought before 1917 for investment and pasturage purposes, must be guaranteed them *para eternidad*—especially as oil has since been discovered in the vicinity. This contention was also abandoned. Washington trimmed its demands to cover the subsoil on pre-1917 *oil* lands. This was the gist of the Warren and Payne recognition negotiations in 1923. The question then became: What constitutes pre-1917 oil lands? In the 1925 law and concordant regulations such lands were defined as those on which a positive act had been committed, i.e., high purchase price, contracts, strategic location in a developed oil field, mention of purpose in original deed, exploration for oil, etc.—a sufficiently broad definition. But the law further declared that these rights would be confirmed by fifty-year concessions renewable for thirty years, which soon precipitated controversy and the hysterical outbursts of Mr. Kellogg—the straining of relations to the breaking-point.

War was in the air. But gradually the State Department acquiesced in the Mexican Government's contention that until American property rights had been actually violated and all Mexican legal recourses exhausted, no diplomatic or other coercion was in order. Came Mr. Morrow. Came the Supreme Court decision setting aside certain objectionable features of the law. Came, finally, the recent Calles amendments. The law, as it now stands, abolishes the fifty-year concession feature on pre-1917 lands, but it creates a much stricter interpretation of pre-1917 rights. Pre-1917 oil lands are now those which were actually worked prior to 1917, thus ruling out vast tracts previously considered as possessing pre-1917 rights in the subsoil. Furthermore the new amendments still insist that these pre-1917 rights be confirmed within one year by application for concession. But the oil companies, like the priests, do not want to register their properties, for the real crux of their fear is their dubious titles and the uncertainty as to how lenient the Mexican officials will prove in considering them. In Mexican law, largely derived from Spanish law, there is, strictly speaking, no such thing as an absolute title in the Anglo-Saxon concept. All property is a "concession" from the powers that be. The oil companies, however, declare that they will never accept "concessions" though in the last analysis that is all they ever have possessed.

And so, all in all, the Mexican Government has granted but little more than it has been willing to grant all the time. It is Mr. Morrow's ironic fate to secure this. And so it may be said, with irony, that this law represents the crowning failure of seventeen years of shameful but unsuccessful American diplomacy in Mexico. The tragedy of the whole business resides in the fact that we were stirred so close to war-pitch over petroleum technicalities that we jeopardized our entire peace and good-will with Latin-America, and to some extent with the world, in a futile conflict in which, little by little, we have had to yield to the Mexican position and to respect the sovereign right of Mexico to enact its own legislation.

Will Americans Learn to Fly?

By WILLIAM P. MANGOLD

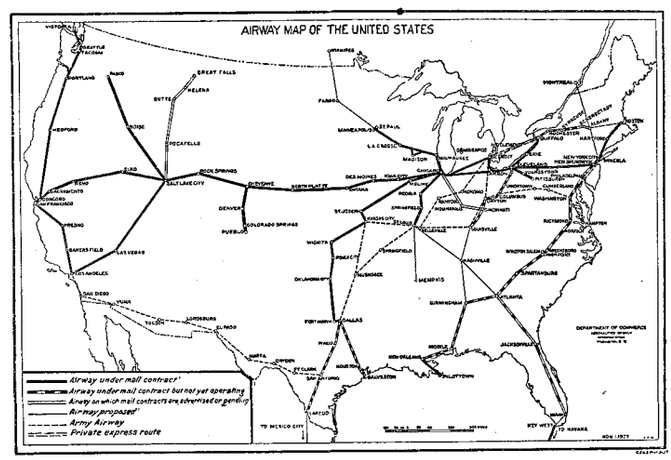
THE majority of air-mail contractors lost money in 1927, yet the aeronautical industry has entered the new year with an impressive record of development and expansion and confidence in its future. The air-mail contractors themselves, despite their financial losses and despite public apathy toward the use of airplanes for traveling or for shipping goods, are optimistic and enthusiastic. They predict that the next few years will witness the establishment of an enormous aeronautical transport system uniting all the important trade centers of America in a net of airways. All that is needed, they say, is to develop in the American public a proper appreciation of commercial aviation—to develop, that is, an "air-mindedness" here comparable to that existing in England, France, or Germany where people book a passage on an air liner with almost the same nonchalance that a New Yorker drops a nickel in the subway turnstile. It was, of course, to create this "air-mindedness," that Colonel Charles Lindbergh was converted into a traveling air salesman upon his return from Paris and sent to visit 152 cities in forty-eight States—with the result that a 23 per cent increase in air-mail poundage was recorded during the three months of the tour. And now he is selling aeronautics—along with good-will—to Mexico and Central America. To make Lindbergh the unofficial ambassador and chief popularizer of aviation was a happy choice. For he epitomizes perfectly the mind of the aeronautical industry, a mind convinced through its own experience of the efficiency, safety, and economy of air transportation, and confident that once the public is assured on these points commercial airway losses will turn to profits.

But whether or not the public takes to aviation, the groundwork of an extended national airway system has been established. There are operating today sixteen air-mail contract routes over 9,500 miles. Within the next few months eight new routes are expected to begin operation, making a total of twenty-four airways with seventy-five stops serving 65,677,209 people in the trading areas along these routes. Most impressive and important in this development is undoubtedly the transcontinental airway uniting New York and San Francisco with a night and day air-mail service of thirty-two hours—less than half of the 87-hour schedule of the transcontinental trains. This main trunk line has several branches, one from Salt Lake City to Los Angeles and another from Elko, Nevada, to Pasco, Washington. Radial routes go from Chicago to Dallas, St. Louis, Detroit, and Minneapolis, and there is a line from Boston to New York.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A very large portion of this growth can be credited directly to the government. It started the first experimental airway in 1918 between New York and Washington. And much of the subsequent development was due to the initiative of the Post Office Department which spent $17,685,000 for the government routes in the years 1918-1928 inclusive. Now, however, in accordance with the Air Mail Act of 1926 the entire system is in the hands of private transport companies.

In many ways the transfer is to be regretted; here was an example of a commercial service of a peculiarly experimental sort successfully organized and efficiently operated by the government; it would have been interesting to continue such a novel enterprise. But even though it has relinquished actual operation, it would be a mistake to assume that the government has withdrawn from civil aviation completely. Through the Aeronautics Branch of the Department of Commerce it is, in fact, very active, with a 1928 budget appropriation of $3,091,500 for developing air-navigation facilities. The expenditure of this sum as an indirect subvention for aviation comes very close to the substance, if not the form, of the European governmental subsidy. It will pay for such necessary functions as surveying and mapping new routes, marking towns, helping in the upkeep of airports and emergency landing fields, licensing pilots, and maintaining minimum standards of efficiency. In addition the Aeronautics Branch is installing lighting systems for night flying; of 7,512 miles to be lighted by July 1, 1928, 4,121 miles have already been completed. It is also partly responsible for the construction of airports of which there are now approximately 1,000.


AIRWAY MAP OF THE UNITED STATES
Airway under mail contract
Airway under mail contract but not yet operating
Airway on which mail contracts are advertised or pending
Air map proposed
Army Airway
Private express route

In operations during the first six months of 1927 aircraft in various services flew a total of 12,377,933 miles. Of this total 2,642,364 miles were flown by air-mail carriers, while operators engaged in miscellaneous "taxi" services were credited with 9,735,569. The air-mail contractors carried 621,236 pounds of mail, a figure which will be exceeded by at least 240,000 pounds for the last six months of the year. In all it represents an increase of 80 per cent over the air-mail poundage of 1926. But there is still much room for improvement before the air mail becomes profitable on a national scale. The expense of the air-mail service ending June 30, 1926, was $2,944,648. The total receipts for the same period were $980,271—a loss of $1,964,377 chargeable to the taxpayer.

When the air-mail operations were let to private contractors it was thought that they could operate profitably by combining air-mail express and passenger-carrying services—something which the Post Office Department refused to do. This has failed to materialize, partly because the public has shown no widespread desire to travel by air and partly because the transport companies have taken few steps to make passenger-carrying popular. Most of them will carry passengers upon request, but only eight have published passenger rates which average about 13 cents per mile—from New York to San Francisco the fare is $400 one way. During the first six months of 1927 only 774 passengers were carried by eight of the regularly operated lines, seven lines carrying no passengers. Such insignificant figures are hardly worthy of consideration. In a few instances special passenger routes were established, notably between Boston and New York, between Miami and Atlanta, and Detroit and Grand Rapids. Each of these after carrying a few passengers ceased operating. The Colonial Air Transport ended its operations between Boston and New York, stating that it could not compete with the fast Boston trains. Generally speaking, regular passenger-carrying service has never been more than intermittent in the United States and it has yet to be demonstrated that it can be maintained profitably for any length of time.

Until recently, air express was in nearly the same condition as passenger carrying. The 1,045,222 pounds carried during the first six months of 1927 is not very impressive, particularly when one considers that 1,020,000 of it was carried by the Ford Motor Company Lines, leaving, after one has discounted 21,651 pounds of flood-relief material carried free, but 2,768 pounds carried by the other four lines accepting express for transportation. In September, however, the American Railway Express contracted with four of the air lines for the joint carrying of express. This service has been profitable and shows promise of developing further, since the rates are considerably cheaper than those for the air mail.

By far the greatest amount of flying has been done in the so-called "taxi" and miscellaneous services. These have been of various sorts; sightseeing, photography, crop spraying, exhibition flights. One of the most striking industrial uses of the airplane is that of "dusting" the boll weevil in the South, a process that has proved cheaper and more effective than ground dusting. Banks have also found a use for airplanes; $24,000,000 in checks is brought by air into New York daily, reaching the clearing house a day earlier and saving thousands of dollars in interest. But it is in the field of miscellaneous flying that most of the airplane accidents occur. For the first ten months of 1927 there were 165 accidents with 109 persons killed. Only eight of these accidents were in the field of air transport; the others occurred in the various activities of miscellaneous and itinerant fliers.

Ordinarily, when the majority of entrepreneurs in an industry are sustaining losses for their operations one does not expect them to be optimistic about their business. Optimism among the manufacturers of aircraft is understandable—their exports for the first ten months of last year were 43 per cent above the preceding year and the entire output trebled that of 1926. But optimism among those whose passenger-carrying services have failed and whose air-mail and express carrying is not on a firm basis is more difficult to accept. Success, for them, depends on the American public's becoming "air-minded."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Rationalization in British Industry

By JOHN A. HOBSON

London, January 3

TO move the British business mind toward new thinking and new methods needs a conjunction of adversity, an arresting personality, and a novel caption. Our bad industrial and commercial plight, with its solid immovable block of unemployment and its shrunken export trade, is common knowledge. When, therefore, a powerful, successful captain of industry comes forward with a confident gospel of industrial prosperity and peace, we accept from him even the repellent term "rationalization." Sir Alfred Mond's name has been prominent, alike in business and in politics, for many years, but it is only recently that he has figured as industrial reformer. The successful merger last year, by which Brunner, Mond and Company absorbed the entire chemical trade of the country, is the first really large experiment in full business combination that has taken place. The completeness of this exploit, with its huge capital and its forty thousand workers, has given a dramatic interest to what is here, though not in Germany or in America, a new idea. Before the war the terms trust, cartel, and combine bore a sinister significance. Our business men believed in competition as a guaranty of efficiency and successful enterprise. Now "rationalization" along the Mond line signifies first and foremost the repudiation of competition as a wasteful process, and the substitution of a completely organized and unified trade, planning its production and conducting its buying and selling as a single body. When it is stated that the two prime objects of this organization are increased productivity and industrial peace, it is easy to understand how powerful an appeal it makes to nerve-racked English business men.

To stop waste and to reconcile conflicting interests, however, is by no means an exhaustive account of the economy of rationalization. These are in a sense negative gains. What Sir Alfred Mond and other advocates of this policy seek is the positive gains of scientific technique and business administration. One definition that is tendered runs thus: "The full application of science and scientific method to industry secured by unification of all the processes of production and distribution." Put simply, this means the amalgamation of hitherto competing businesses within a trade, their organization for a single volume of production, by local and plant specialization of processes, so as to utilize the full economies of standardization and mass production. The benefit of scientific research, very backward in Great Britain, will be attained by substituting an expert directorate for a number of hereditary business owners and their ill-equipped "managers." Obsolete or inferior plants will be closed down, larger quantity and better quality of output will be produced upon a lower cost-basis, not at the expense of reduced wages, but by raising the efficiency of all grades of workers and tools, and by planning a full continuity of employment.

But, tempting as the proposition seems, it is not an easy one to "put over" in this country, steeped as it is in the temper and tradition of competition. Even trades which are in dire distress, like coal-mining and cotton, are only beginning to nibble at plans of cooperation. Mr. Keynes's gallant attempt to cartelize the cotton-spinners in Lancashire has been defeated by the obdurate individualism of the ordinary business man. It looks as if no appeal to the obvious self-interest of our coal-owners would suffice to bring the requisite consolidation without some legal compulsion. There are, however, many trades fully alive to the advantages of unification, some of them strongly fortified in regulation of output and control of selling prices, as trusts, cartels, or other combines.

There remain of course two outstanding questions. How does labor regard the new policy? and What security will the consumer have against high prices? In a measure these questions overlap, for the reward of labor is largely contingent upon the prices of the goods he buys. Now a large section of organized labor is not unnaturally suspicious of what seems to it a new device for strengthening capitalism in its control of wages and prices. Hitherto a worker had some choice of employer; now he has none. Capital will be so much stronger to enforce its terms on labor. The advocates of rationalization point to experience in attestation of their assertions that rationalization means and demands a more intelligent cooperation between capital and labor, based on high wages, good general conditions, continuity of employment, and a share in management for labor. Sir Alfred Mond explicitly avows that high productivity and high wages are mutual determinants not merely in the sense that labor's cooperation can only thus be got, but because the higher consuming power of the workers is necessary to purchase the enlarged output. Indeed, much of the support given to this project in its early stage comes from business men famous for their welfare work and for their liberal aspirations in the cause of labor. It may, indeed, be taken for certain that rationalization could not succeed in any great trade if it were utilized either to depress wages or to impair trade unionism. Some prominent trade-union leaders are openly favorable to the movement in its general form, and an attempt is already on foot to secure a conference between the National Confederation of Employers Organizations and the Trade Union Congress General Council, or if this seems premature, between smaller groupings of capital and labor.

The Mond scheme contemplates something like a representative government in which labor through its elected members shall take part. "Local works councils will function for the separate shops and from these will be drawn delegates for the general works councils, which is to have similar but wider functions. The coping-stone to the edifice will be a Central Works Council, assembling regularly in London and coordinating the activities of the local and general councils from which its personnel will be drawn." Demand for higher status is to be met by the formation of a Workers' Staff Grade open to workers of five years' service and carrying various rights. The whole fabric is to be cemented by a workers' shareholding scheme,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

enabling workers to purchase ordinary shares below the market price.

By most "class-conscious" workers any proposals of profit-sharing or copartnership are flouted as dodges to break the solidarity of labor. But Mr. Citrine, general secretary to the Trade Union Congress, is not unfavorable to them, provided they are operated not on an individualistic basis, "but on a collectivist basis with the union acting as steward and trustee." He also recognizes, what is certainly true, that if rationalization is to be a sound industrial policy, it cannot be confined to the action of separate trades. For in reality trades are not separate, they are intricately related parts of an organic body with contacts through the price system. Rationalization by separate trade action might easily lead, not to industrial peace, but to conflict on a new plane between trades inherently strong because their product is a prime necessity for other trades, and trades inherently weak in the character of their product. Such conflicts are already visible. Their settlement demands some organization of trade as a whole, some national industrial council, where the representatives of capital and of labor in the different trades shall meet and hammer out a common policy of peace and progress for national industry. For it is idle to pretend that divergence of interest between capital and labor, between producer and consumer, between strong and weak trades can be bridged by uttering the blessed word "rationalization." The power to fix prices by the fiat of each trade organization, assigned upon the theory that it must be to the interest of a trade to enlarge its output to the utmost and lower its price so as to sell this maximum output, cannot be accepted as a solution of our difficulties. A rationalized trade may choose to earn high profits for its shareholders and high wages for its workers by restricting output of some necessary supply and extorting high prices. Or at any rate it may keep to itself the whole of any economies in production resulting from its organization. The consuming public will always require protection against such practices.

In the Driftway

THE Drifter intimated last week that there were few openings for lazy journalists! The letter about Riga which he prints below shows how right he was—here is activity indeed—and at the same time offers a well-deserved respite to a hard-working man like himself.

The first time I served as a Riga correspondent was in London. An editor made a correspondent of me by giving me an editorial leader clipped from one of the morning papers. He instructed me to recast part of it in the form of a dispatch and date it from Riga. The editorial was one reviewing in some detail the pernicious activities of the Third International. I must have rewritten it rather well, for later I was intrusted with other tasks of the same delicate nature. I became the paper's regular Riga correspondent—"from our own correspondent," as they like to say in Fleet Street.

A year later I was in Paris and attached to a newspaper there. And in Paris I found myself again a Riga correspondent. The work was twofold now. There were French journals and English journals to rewrite. All of them, including the one in London which formerly employed me, seemed to boast Riga correspondents. In all their dispatches there were revelations —Bolshevist atrocities, Cheka executions, Soviet economic difficulties, dissatisfaction of the people with the government. As in London, this material was turned over to me; and out of the mass another composite Riga correspondent was born.

* * * * *

WHENEVER I think of Riga now I do not visualize a city but a newspaper office—old desks, paste pots, shears, typewriters, waste paper. Riga is a newspaper office city. It may have a geographic location. For all I know it may be populated with individuals absorbed in their own affairs; eating well, sleeping well, dreaming of owning automobiles. You cannot prove it by me. Once, in a moment of inexcusable curiosity, I went to the trouble of hunting up Riga in the Encyclopedia Britannica. That fount of current information describes it as a thriving port on the Baltic Sea, from which agricultural products, chiefly oats, are exported to England. Obviously, it was an old edition of the Encyclopedia. By this time the rumors far outnumber the oats.

If cities ever receive decorations for signal service, the Western world should confer prime honors upon Riga. By its mere existence as a four-letter word used for a dispatch date line it has served as a barrier against the plots of the Soviets, thus keeping sacred and inviolate the idealism of Western Europe. Riga defends the world against the insidious propaganda of the Soviets. Red lies break against its intrepid front. While agents of the Third International, liberally supplied with money gained through the pawning of the crown jewels, seek to corrupt proletarians the world over, Riga counters with bracing truths which nullify the Reds' activities. Riga is near Soviet Russia, and yet not of it. Naturally, one cannot tell the truth from Moscow. One cannot even affix a Moscow date line to Moscow correspondence written in Paris or London. That might imply that the tyrannical Soviet censorship was asleep, and that the ruthless Cheka, or Ogpu, had not bitten off the correspondent's head, as Chekas so often do.

* * * * *

PERHAPS it works both ways. The Soviets have their human frailties, and of course know the value of propaganda. Perhaps they have a little Riga of their own, to give them exclusive news of bourgeois tyranny. It may even be the same Riga. For the good of my soul I hope so.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

Nebraska's Hero

[*The following letter was not intended for publication but it seemed to us so extraordinary a contribution to American history that we asked and received permission to print it.*]

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I was very much touched by the article written by Mr. Babcock which appeared in *The Nation* for December 21. Perhaps you and he would like to know more of the incidents he describes.

After the famous filibuster in which I participated and which resulted in the defeat of the armed-neutrality legislation asked for by President Wilson, the little group which was dubbed the "Wilful Twelve" by the President, became the subject of almost universal condemnation not only in the Senate but outside. Calls came from the press of my own State and from all kinds of organizations, demanding that I resign.

The Legislature of Nebraska was then in session. It was Democratic in both branches and the Governor was also a Democrat. As I remember it, one or both branches of the legislature passed resolutions of condemnation. I prepared a letter to the Governor of Nebraska in which I said that I held

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

my commission from the people of my State; that I recognized they had a right to have a Senator in Washington who voted their convictions; that under no circumstances would I have voted for this bill even if every voter in the State had demanded it; that I believed that if I was misrepresenting them, they ought to select a Senator in my place who would represent them; and that, while Nebraska had no law providing for it I believed in the recall, and that if the Governor would ask the legislature to provide a method by which a recall election could be had, I would abide by its result and, if it went against me, place my resignation in his hands. I asked only that a reasonable time be allowed to debate the question before the people of our State.

Before I sent this letter I called into conference some of my friends who were members of the "Wilful Twelve." Not one of them agreed with me. Some of them thought I was extremely foolish to think of such a thing. They said I would be beaten because at that particular time the people were very much excited and against the position which these few insurgents had taken. We discussed the matter way into the night, but, when it was all over, I still held to the opinion that I ought to send the letter. It looked to me then as though I would be beaten in that kind of a vote. We had, however, gathered our opinions mainly from the newspapers; we did not know the real sentiments of the rank and file of the American people.

The Governor declined to make the recommendation to the legislature. But I had given my letter to the press, and both it and the reply of the Governor received wide circulation. I decided to go back to Nebraska and debate the question before the people. I had only a few days' time, but I rented the Auditorium in Lincoln, Nebraska, the capital of the State, and announced what I had done and the date when I would appear there to defend my position.

I got into Lincoln on a Sunday morning. The meeting was to be Monday night. There had been no advertising of the meeting. As Mr. Babcock says, I was not met with a brass band. In fact, I received an exceedingly cold reception. I had anticipated that the newspaper correspondents would meet me soon after my arrival, but in this I was mistaken. The few people who called on me urged me to get out of town. I was told that the meeting would be broken up, that I would be mobbed. One friend told me he had inside information that an organization had already been perfected—they were going into the hall and break up my meeting, and he had no doubt but that, if I made any resistance at all, I would be severely injured if not killed.

All day Sunday I waited in the old Lindell Hotel. Those who saw me did so under circumstances that would not show they had even seen me. Even my friends were afraid to be seen with me. Some of them insisted that I should get sick and leave town, letting the morning papers announce that the meeting had been called off. I declined to pay any attention to any of these suggestions, but it was a day of terrible suspense. I cannot remember a day in my life when I have suffered more from a lonely feeling of despondency than upon that particular Sunday. The manager of the Auditorium asked me how I wanted things arranged and whether I wanted any reserved seats, either on the stage or elsewhere. I told him I wanted the scenery taken off and the stage filled with chairs. Under no circumstances was anything to be reserved. He was to arrange tables for reporters, open the doors at the appointed time, and let anybody come who wanted to.

The day wore on without a single newspaperman calling. It was not until after dark on that long Sunday that Mr. Babcock appeared on the scene. I was not acquainted with him. He told me he represented the *Nebraska State Journal* and he wanted an interview. It seemed to me at that dark moment that there was no one in the State who was with me, and I feared that the *Journal* would not publish what I had to say. So I told him I was willing to give him an interview only if he would print everything I said, just as I said it. He assured me he would do this. I asked him how he could control the editorial policy and assure me that what I gave to him would actually be printed as I said it. He told me that everyone on the *Journal* who had any authority over him had gone home and would not be back until the next morning, which would be hours after the morning edition had gone to press, and that he could therefore assure me absolutely that what I gave him would be printed just as I said it. He also let me know that he was not out of sympathy with the course I was taking. It was the first kind word that had come to me. It was the first intimation that I had a friend anywhere, and I suppose this young man did not know then and has never known since how his visit renewed the hope that had always lingered in my breast that, after all, the rank and file of the great common people were not crazy, and that while they might not agree with me they were at least willing to give me a fair hearing.

I remember that Mr. Babcock asked me "Who is going to preside at this meeting?" I told him there would be no presiding officer; that I was going to officiate not only as speaker but as chairman. The truth was, I did not believe I could secure a chairman if I tried to get one. No one had offered any assistance so far, excepting this young man who agreed to print what I might say and who had given me to understand that he was my friend. I gave him quite an extended interview. He wrote it in long hand, in my presence. It was published exactly as I gave it to him. He made good 100 per cent on his promise. I do not remember that I ever saw him again. I did not know his name, and never did until I read his article in *The Nation*.

Long before it was time for the hall to open, the street in front was crowded with people and, when the doors were opened, this Auditorium, the largest audience-room in the city, was filled to overflowing. Extra chairs were carried in and the aisles were filled. Every seat on the stage was occupied. When I walked out from one of the wings I was met with absolute silence, but I had not proceeded far until I knew that the common sense of the Nebraska people was awake. The first sentence I uttered was that I intended to tell them the truth about the difficulty, and that it would be something that they had not been able to get from the newspapers. That was when the audience broke loose. The people stood up and yelled. I realized then that if an organized bunch of fellows was scattered through that audience, intending to break up the meeting, they rather than I would be the victims of the mob. The audience included members of the legislature and people who had come to Lincoln from 150 miles away. These people had become impressed with the fact that the press had not been fair; that it had not told the truth.

It seemed to me a demonstration that the American mind demands fair play; that it insists that the under-dog shall have his hearing and his day in court; and it demonstrated to me that underneath the deception and the misrepresentation, the political power and the influence, there was, in the hearts of the common people, a belief that there was something artificial about this propaganda, and that so-called leaders of public sentiment, both in and out of public life, were being carried off their feet by misrepresentation and even by falsehood. In that hour I felt repaid for all the turmoil, the agony, and the suffering that I had endured. I would be willing to go through it all again, for a vindication such as I received on that occasion. I was deluged with requests to deliver other speeches on the subject of the Armed Neutrality Bill, but, as my stay in the State lasted only two or three days, I was unable to accept many of them. My experience was the same, however, in every meeting that I addressed while I was in the State.

I have always wanted to meet Mr. Babcock, but I have never seen him since, and I am writing this letter for you to forward to him, wherever he may be. I am anxious to convey to him, through you, the gratefulness I felt toward him, and to let him know I realized it was as much through him as any other source that this meeting was the success it turned out to be.

Washington, D. C., December 21 G. W. Norris

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Books and Plays

First Glance

"A HISTORY of American Life" is an ambitious title for a set of books, however large the set may be. But no one knows this better than Arthur M. Schlesinger and Dixon Ryan Fox, who are editing such a work in twelve volumes (Macmillan: $3.50 each), and who say in their foreword to one of the four volumes already published: "This short book, like other volumes of 'A History of American Life,' makes no claim to 'covering' its subject—perhaps that is impossible; it will serve its purpose if it reveals the richness of the field." Such a statement, coming as it does at the threshold of 350 pages by so competent a historian as James Truslow Adams, is surety enough that Messrs. Schlesinger and Fox know what they are doing. It appears to me, who am no historian, that they worked with an extraordinary combination of enterprise and care to produce a series of books which must recommend itself to every American curious after his country's past. There have been other attempts to do something of the sort—notably in the series called "Chronicles of America," which among its fifty volumes contains many brilliant essays. But nowhere else will there be found so much, I fancy, in so little space—so many facts put under the light of so many ideas. Certainly I have found these first four volumes interesting. And certainly they reveal the richness of their respective fields; not the least exciting chapter in each was the last, called a Critical Essay on Authorities. Add to this the illustrations, which are numerous and in all cases from contemporary sources; add the fact that it is not merely political history we get here but the history even more of health, disease, marriage, virtue, vice, punishment, wages, inventions, canals, coaches, railroads, farms, furniture, cuisine, recreation, medicine, law, education, literature, architecture, art, and a hundred other things; add the general excellence and authority of the writing; and the value of the result must be apparent.

In "The First Americans," the second volume of the series but the earliest to be published, Thomas Jefferson Wertenbaker treats the period 1607-1690 and by no means confines himself to New England in the process. His account of seventeenth-century New England is full and critical, certain parts of it being wisely based upon concrete examinations of typical Massachusetts towns; but his account of Virginia, based upon researches of his own and upon such monumental works as those of P. A. Bruce, is equally full, and in its analysis of the economics of tobacco-growing becomes fresh and informing. James Truslow Adams's "Provincial Society: 1690-1763," which comes next, is the best written and the most philosophical of the four, though its array of facts is perhaps not quite as striking as that in one or two of the others. The American scene begins to widen in this century, and the mind to complicate itself. Mr. Adams must describe the first penetration of the Alleghenies; he must decide the importance of a growing slave economy, an expanding ocean trade, a multiplication of European stocks (particularly in the middle colonies), and a tendency toward conflict between the sections; and beneath all this he must make us aware of an emerging culture. His well-controlled wit and his power of subduing data to a narrative are already known; both things are decidedly in evidence here.

We skip two unpublished volumes to come to Carl Russell Fish's "The Rise of the Common Man: 1830-1850," written with the lightest hand of the four, though with an expert one. For all the extent and variety which Mr. Fish's America offers him—the frontier was being pushed into the Pacific, wealth was accumulating, machines were coming in, and a great war was preparing—Mr. Fish chooses to define that America in simple, delightful terms. It was our democratic day, and as such was both absurd and fine. Mr. Fish relishes both aspects, and balances them neatly as he talks. "The Emergence of Modern America: 1865-1878," by Allan Nevins, takes us on to Reconstruction, the new industrialism, the new corruption in politics and finance, the new humanitarianism, the new education, and the new maturing world west of the Mississippi. It is a lurid time, and Mr. Nevins, whose gift is for detail rather than analysis, makes the most of that quality. He has written the most picturesque volume of the four, and the one most competent in its treatment of literary events—Mr. Fish, for instance, reminding us by the superficiality of his comments on Poe and others that the series after all is but a superior Outline. The dangers of the Outline are for the most part, of course, avoided by these scholars. But they are there, and I trust that each of the eight to come will satisfactorily dispose of them.

MARK VAN DOREN

Philip Hone

The Diary of Philip Hone. Edited by Allan Nevins. Two volumes. Dodd, Mead and Company. $10.

TWO full generations have come and gone since Bayard Tuckerman made the highly entertaining and important "Diary" of Philip Hone available to the general reader. The manuscript, a huge bulk, and a rich mine of information for the social historian, had then lain for thirty years unedited. Now, with the Tuckerman edition out of print, Allan Nevins has given us a new and better one.

For many years Philip Hone was a personage in New York City, having entered business as a mere boy to accumulate a fortune by 1821 and to retire to the lordly life of a gentleman of fashion which was to extend through thirty years. He lived pretentiously for the times, entertained lavishly, and gathered about him at his dinners the worth-while celebrities from all lines of activity—actors, artists, poets, novelists, inventors, financiers, and statesmen. Though not born to opulence, and having few cultural advantages in his youth, he cultivated a taste for the arts, patronized the artists, and contributed liberally in both time and money to the development of the artistic life of the community. A little pompous, perhaps, on parade, he was unassuming in the presence of the great, and therefore popular. There was just a touch of Boswell in Philip Hone; and so he kept a diary which has made posterity his debtor. For nowhere can we enter so intimately into the social life of the thirty years he covers. There was a suggestion of the snob in him at times, and he dearly loved the proximity of people of importance. That was fortunate, for it brings us into close contact with them too. Nowhere, we think, can one get a better impression of Daniel Webster off the stage.

However, Philip Hone was a business man of ability, with sound practical judgment, and while his own political career was comparatively unimportant his advice was sought by the distinguished Whig leaders who ate his meat and drank his

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

wine. In a sense he was the Lord Holland of the American Whigs. The political opinions we find recorded in these pages are extremely prejudiced. He reflected the views of his class. Covering the period of Jackson's fight for the popularization of government, and against the corrupt and corrupting National Bank, Hone's entries are important in reflecting the mental process of the Whig aristocracy. Here Biddle appears with a halo even in the midst of the ruin he had wrought in his attempt at the intimidation of Jackson; and when he died after the scandal of the State bank failure, and the poet Bryant wrote that he had "died at his country seat where he had passed the last of his days in elegant retirement, which if justice had taken place would have been spent in the penitentiary," Hone was moved to wrath.

The average reader will be more interested in the pictures Hone presents of the theaters, hotels, drawing-rooms, smoke-laden caucus rooms, and occasionally, when political necessity impelled, the beer gardens; in the people he describes—actors, artists, men like Washington Irving, Fenimore Cooper, Captain Marryat, Sheridan Knowles, Tyrone Power, and the Kembles; and in the intimate glimpses he gives into the social life of the city of these three decades. For he was a leader of the fashionable society of the better sort, and merely affected politics. He goes to the play and gives us his impressions. He characterizes men sometimes with uncanny penetration. He keeps abreast of the literature of his time and jots down his reactions on what he reads. In spots there is no little charm in his style. Thus when Fanny Burney dies he recalls the thrill with which he read her novels in his youth—"dear to my recollection as identified with and forming part of the enjoyment of that period of my life." And then, in the manner in which each generation is prone to brush aside the "puerilities" of that preceding, he tells us that "this class of writings is completely passed away," and that "the plum cake school of novels in which love was the raisins" has given place "to the glorious prose stories" of Scott. Would it surprise him to come back after sixty-seven years to find beautiful editions of "Evelina" in the stalls and to learn that love has returned—with most of her clothes off?

To Mr. Nevins we are indebted for a charming introduction and a clever piece of editing which gives us, through occasional summarizations, all of value to be found in the whole of the manuscript.

CLAUDE G. BOWERS

Philosophy?

Philosophy. By Bertrand Russell. W. W. Norton and Company. $3.

WHEN a man who has the reputation of being a philosopher writes a book called "Philosophy" one is reasonably justified in expecting something definitive. Except, however, in the case of Mr. Russell. Familiarity with his intellectual temper, or perusal of the first chapter in which the author hopes that "modern science may enable us to see philosophical problems in a new light," may save one from the discomfort and disappointment experienced in reading this volume for any other purpose than to discover the sources of confusion in a mind that was once so clear.

The discovery will be made that the sciences teach no philosophical lessons and that a philosopher who sifts incompatible scientific doctrines in order to wash clear an underlying coherent system of beliefs is a doomed prospector. What shines like truth today may have a duller and a baser caste tomorrow when research shifts its grounds and stakes new claims. Though this seem mere prophecy, it is already sadly fact, for, even as Mr. Russell wrote this book in which he attempted to compile and juggle the theories of behavioristic psychology, electronic and relativity physics, and his own private version of introspective psychology, Ivan Pavlov published a report of twenty-five years' research on the conditioned reflex which must inevitably alter the behavioristic doctrine; a fundamental statement of the *gestalt* psychology, which heretofore has been given only fragmentary presentation, is promised by Wolfgang Köhler; and there is no reason to suppose that physics will not prosecute the quantum theory beyond the present Heisenberg-Schredinger formulations.

"Philosophy" is divided into four parts, the first three being devoted to a lightly popular summary of recent physics and psychology. In the latter case, at least, Mr. Russell's scholarship is far from being impeccable, and his rendering of behavioristic theory must appear distorted to the actual investigator in the laboratory. His knowledge of behaviorism seems to be limited to a survey of the philosophical writings of John B. Watson. "If Mr. Russell is as naive and superficial in his physics," the psychologist may start to protest, only to be stopped by a similar if opposite complaint from his brother in physical research.

However, it should be remembered that this is only a philosophical treatise, and philosophy of this sort can be practiced, perhaps more easily, in the face of such inadequacies. The argument's the thing! But when one looks to see under what encompassing canvas Mr. Russell tents this three-ring circus of "modern science," the patched and perforated fabric of an ancient piece of dialectic is found. It has been used to cover many forgotten shows. It may be summarily stated in two dilemmas. Since the behaviorist assumes the "facts" of physics and confidently uses its instruments, and since physics is a theoretical construction based upon the sense-data described by introspective psychology, the behaviorist must face this dilemma: either deny physics or accept psychology. But Mr. Russell in order to state this dilemma has had to argue in a circle to arrive at the sense-data of psychology. To avoid subjectivism he has been forced to assume, as much as the behaviorists, the independent existence of physical events which cause the sense-data from which the said physical events can then be inferred. This raises another dilemma which Mr. Russell himself must face: either accept behaviorism or deny physics.

After many false alarms and excursions Mr. Russell puts one and one together and comes to two conclusions in Part IV: the skeptical conclusion that a solipsism of the present moment is the logically tenable terminus of the argument, and the credulous conclusion that realistic dogmas are still worthy of belief, however the logical argument runs. Mr. Russell is still critical enough to reach the one, and enough of an English philosopher to prefer the other. He is only half-heartedly skeptical, however. On the way to these conclusions the number of common-sense opinions about which he has no doubt offers a surprising exhibition of the critical acumen of a mathematical philosopher.

Skepticism and animal faith, in other words, is Bertrand Russell's philosophy; but where Mr. Santayana needed only forty-one pages of direct and cogent analysis to achieve the center of this position, Mr. Russell wanders to it through 291 pages of irrelevance and ambiguity, during which the focus of his criticism is changed many times and the argument blurred. The comparison of the two books should be made in order to understand why it is so invidious to Mr. Russell's logical powers. Where both men have the same essential insight, Mr. Santayana's presentation not only is more clearly written but has throughout a coherent logical structure and is philosophical in its exposition. The explanation of Mr. Russell's utter failure in these respects is to be made, I think, in terms of the insight which closes the preface to "Skepticism and Animal Faith." I quote:

> There is now a great ferment in natural and mathematical philosophy, and the times seem ripe for a new system of nature, at once ingenuous and comprehensive, such as has not appeared since the earlier days of Greece. . . . I wish such scientific systems joy, and if I were compe-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tent I should gladly avail myself of their results, which are bound to be no less picturesque than instructive. But what exists today is so tentative, obscure, and confused by bad philosophy that there is no knowing what parts may be sound and what parts merely personal and scatter-brained. If I were a mathematician I should no doubt regale myself with an electric or logistic system of the universe expressed in algebraic symbols. For good or ill, I am an ignorant man, almost a poet, and I can only spread a feast of what everybody knows. Fortunately exact science and the books of the learned are not necessary to establish my essential doctrine, nor can any of them claim a higher warrant than it has in itself: for it rests on public experience. . . . In the past or in the future, my language and my borrowed knowledge would have been different, but under whatever sky I had been born, since it is the same sky, I should have had the same philosophy.

MORTIMER J. ADLER

Deep-Sea Soundings

The Ship Sails On. By Nordahl Grieg. Translated from the Norwegian by A. G. Chater. Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.
Knocking Around. By Frank H. Shaw. Dodd, Mead and Company. $3.
A Book of Shanties. By C. Fox Smith. Houghton Mifflin Company. $3.

MUST we go to Scandinavia for our literature of the sea as well as for the men to sail our ships? Certainly when one compares the poetical and powerful story of Nordahl Grieg with the ruck of "sea fiction" written in English, it is with a deepening sense of the latter's inadequacy. For this Norwegian writer does not cater to artificial appetites for impossible exploits, nor truckle to the naive belief that the sea is—or was—a place of glamorous adventure. He gives us seafaring as it is—aboard a tramp steamship carrying the world's cargoes. Obviously he writes of a life which he himself has experienced, for he recreates the talk of the forecastle, the life of the deck, the cruelty of the stokehole with a fidelity that is sometimes painful.

The book opens thus:

> A ship comes into port and halts for a while on her way from sea to sea.
>
> Fires are raked out, engines slow down to a dead stop with their glistening cranks and piston-rods, and the propeller churns up the foam in a last spasmodic stroke like the tail of a dying fish. One more turn of the wheel and the ship swings slowly in to the quay. Steel and hemp hawsers make her fast to the shore and she is delivered over to the dry land and its human forces.
>
> The roar of motor lorries reverberates in the ship's iron sides, and the street casts its shadows and its mud where the ocean solitude has murmured day and night, where the blue seas crooned their songs of longing, and the dawn quivered on plates still wet from the storm.

From there the story is that of a young Norwegian who makes a voyage as an ordinary seaman preparatory to settling down to the business end of shipping ashore. But it is not so simple as that. The sea gets this young man, as it has got others before him, and the reader is left with as bitter a taste in his mouth as if it were filled with the ocean's own brine, while—the ship sails on.

The book is one-sided in its somberness, for there is comedy as well as tragedy at sea. That is why life is possible there as well as elsewhere. But if Nordahl Grieg gives us a gloomy view, he gives a faithful one as far as it goes, and one written with strength and beauty.

To the translator, also, should go a word of appreciation. I do not know how accurate a rendering of the original Mr. Chater has supplied, but his English is of exceptional energy and charm. His familiarity with the English vernacular of the forecastle suggests to me that he, as well as the author, may have qualified for his task through first-hand experience.

"Knocking Around" is a narrative of the author's own life at sea. After his apprenticeship in a sailing vessel Mr. Shaw was an officer in a tramp steamship, in a liner, and during the World War aboard a "Q" ship—a pirate at large, he calls her.

C. Fox Smith's book contains little new material, but is a convenient collection of the words and music of a number of the better-known sailors' working songs.

ARTHUR WARNER

A Social Mystic

Toward the Light. By Mary Fels. George Dobsevage. $2.50.

THIS book is as old as the Vedas and the Psalms; it is as new as the latest cry of the soul for God. I might have thought of a hundred mystic volumes while I turned its pages, as I certainly thought of an intimately familiar half-dozen. But the book which sprang quickest to my mind, as a basis of comparison, was not a classic like a Kempis or Amiel, which in substance are the same, but Havelock Ellis's "Impressions and Comments." Here is the same collection of fugitive paragraphs jotted down in comment on things seen and heard and felt. Here is something of the same sense of beauty, much of the same range of experience and vision, more of that close contact with life while searching for its hidden heights and depths. Mrs. Fels, of course, is frankly theological where Ellis is humanistic. But she looks at the world with that same mystic mingling of intimacy and detachment, and "sees into the heart of things."

Mrs. Fels has lived an abundant life. She has traveled widely, enjoyed close friendships among the great and humble, engaged in heroic works of human betterment. This book is the record of what it has all come to—a distillation of all her experience through these many years. She finds what the mystics have always found in every age—the presence of the living God. It is this presence, which we may know as we know the atmosphere, see as we see the light, feel as we feel our inner sensation of being, that at once reveals and rebukes the injustices of earth and yet gives peace amid the agonies of ill. Here is a woman who has known life at its worst in her long battle against social wrong, and yet finds rapture in the ecstatic vision of that redemption which is even now within the heart.

This book touches on sex, marriage, wealth and poverty, peace and war, art, literature, religion. It mentions the Jewish prophets, St. Augustine, Browning, Wagner, William Morris, Henri Bergson, and the author's life-long friend, Bernard Shaw. It moves from the calm, chaste statements of philosophy to the rapturous visions of religion. It has beauty, serenity, truth. There is profound significance in the fact that from so long a life, lived so intensely among men, there should come at last these mystic confessions of the soul.

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES

Attitudinized Hatred

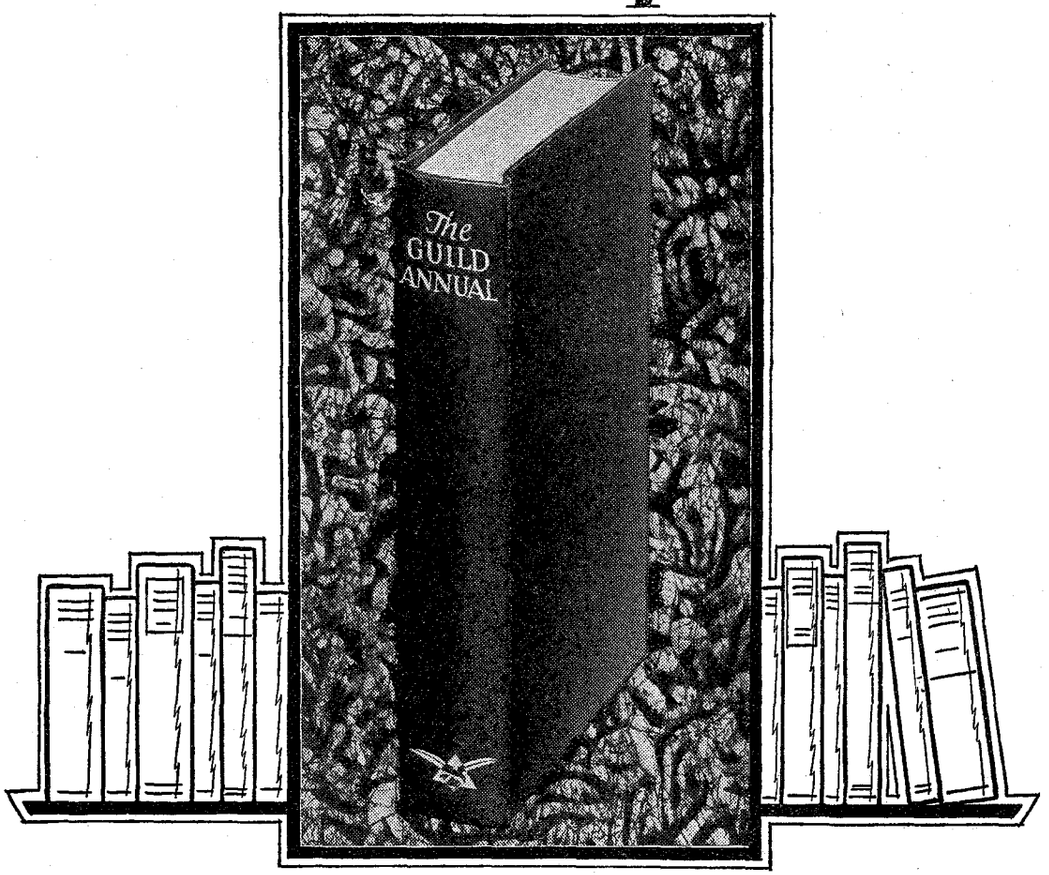
Angel's Flight. By Don Ryan. Boni and Liveright. $2.50.

SAN FRANCISCO once had a "fire." Los Angeles has never had a real earthquake, but it is very nervous and expectant. It has even, so it is reported, gone so far as to boycott the minor diabolism of Don Ryan, who, after playing enfant terrible for several years in his column in the Los Angeles *Evening Record*, has gathered some of his sketches into a book, written new ones, and strung them all on a thread of narrative which makes "Angel's Flight" an interesting and readable novel.

One fears, however, that the pious Angelenos are optimistic as usual. One finds little evidence in "Angel's Flight" that God

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Accept the First GUILD ANNUAL *With Our Compliments*



HERE is the secret of the Literary Guild's success! The whole amazing story of its growth from a new, untried *idea* to a successfully operating organization of *more than 35,000 enthusiastic members.*

THE LITERARY GUILD OF AMERICA has finished its first year of existence *alone* in its field; the only organization in America that gives its members twelve outstanding, important, worth while books a year *at half price!* It has proved that American readers prefer good books to trash. The Editorial Board, headed by Dr. Carl Van Doren, has proved its ability to select *from manuscripts*—before publication—the books that will later attain such wide publication that no cultured American will care to miss them. It has proved conclusively that it can serve a reading fare so varied, from month to month, that every member will be completely satisfied. The Guild has made it possible for *you,* no matter where you live, to enjoy the distinction of being the first in your community to read the books that the nation will be discussing a few weeks later.

The Annual Contains Selections From All of the Guild Books

Carl Van Doren and his assistants, Glenn Frank, Elinor Wylie, Joseph Wood Krutch, Zona Gale and Hendrik Willem van Loon, have prepared a 224 page book crammed with entertainment for you. They have selected portions of each of the "Guild Books" published in the past year; *Trader Horn, The Vanguard, Circus Parade, Tristram* and all of the others. A glance at these chapters will show you *why* the "Guild Book" is always so popular. Each of the Editors has written an essay on books and reading especially for this voume. It contains the story of the Guild's origination and growth. It explains how membership distinguishes you at the same time that it saves you money. It has been made as interesting as possible without regard for expense or labor.

A Volume of Permanent Value to Any Library

Your copy of *The Guild Annual* will be mailed upon request. It is beautifully bound in a superior quality of blue cloth and stamped in gold; printed in specially selected type on antique paper. It will grace any table top or prove a welcome addition to the richest library. Although the cost of producing the Annual has been considerable, we want you to accept a copy, *free.* Send only twenty-five cents with the coupon to help defray packing and carriage charges. This generous offer will undoubtedly exhaust the edition very soon. To be *sure* of your copy mail the coupon and twenty-five cents tonight!

THE LITERARY GUILD OF AMERICA
55 FIFTH AVENUE, DEPT. 33-N
NEW YORK CITY

The Literary Guild of America
55 Fifth Avenue, Dept. 33-N,
New York City.

You may send me the first Guild Annual. I enclose twenty-five cents to help defray packing and carriage charges.

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... State .....

When writing to advertisers please mention **The Nation**

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

has taken effective cognizance of their follies. Don Ryan hates their fair city, it is true, but with a romantic, attitudinized hatred which derives, one feels, from the one-dimensional make-believe of the screen.

It's a very personal affair, this relation between Mr. Ryan and his old home town, and one can't help believing that at bottom it's a love affair. He finds Los Angeles such a satisfying thing to hate. Which means that he finds it on the whole—satisfactory.

That he does find it satisfactory for his purposes is proved by the fact that when he isn't busy hating—and thereby proving his superiority—he frequently achieves some quite excellent writing, as in Main Street Movie, a really brilliant piece of reporting.

The narrative of "Angel's Flight" weaves in and out through the underworld of bums and crooks and bootleggers, Kiwanians, success culturists, and the movies. Especially the movies, where Mr. Ryan gives us a number of interesting contemporary portraits. Even the technique of the book is very close to that of the screen, with its closeups, fadeouts, cutbacks, and staccato titles. And the denouement is pure movie: the hero returns to New York and encounters quite by chance his beautiful young daughter, seed of an almost forgotten sin; she leads him by the hand into a kind of jazz paradise where his despair is healed, and his literary success, one gathers, is assured.

If one were a movie magnate one would be tempted to buy the rights to "Angel's Flight," call it "The Prodigal of Babylon," and make a lot of money. But as for Mr. Ryan, one wonders why he doesn't write something really nasty about Los Angeles—something tolerant, appreciative, and only incidentally contemptuous. His talent, one feels, is adequate to the task; it might prove to be a good book. And the Angelenos would never know they had been bitten. JAMES RORTY

Interesting Books of 1927

CHOSEN BY HEYWOOD BROUN

Henry Ward Beecher. By Paxton Hibben. Doran.
"Boss" Tweed. By Denis Tilden Lynch. Boni and Liveright.
D. L. Moody: A Worker in Souls. By Gamaliel Bradford. Doran.
George Washington. By Rupert Hughes. Morrow.
Alfred E. Smith. By Henry F. Pringle. Macy-Masius.
Upton Sinclair. By Floyd Dell. Doran.
Bismarck. By Emil Ludwig. Little, Brown.
George Sand. By Marie Jenney Howe. John Day.
The Rise of American Civilization. By Charles A. Beard and Mary R. Beard. Macmillan.
America. By Hendrik Willem van Loon. Boni and Liveright.
Prejudices: Sixth Series. By H. L. Mencken. Knopf.
Selected Prejudices. By H. L. Mencken. Knopf.
Ballyhoo. By Silas Bent. Boni and Liveright.
Enough Rope. By Dorothy Parker. Boni and Liveright.
God's Trombones. By James Weldon Johnson. Viking.
Wild Goslings. William Rose Benét. Doran.
Saturday's Children. By Maxwell Anderson. Longmans.
Elmer Gantry. By Sinclair Lewis. Harcourt, Brace.
Daybreak. By Arthur Schnitzler. Simon and Schuster.
An Unmarried Father. By Floyd Dell. Doran.
Show Window. By Elmer Davis. John Day.
Death Comes for the Archbishop. By Willa Cather. Knopf.
People Round the Corner. By Thyra Samter Winslow. Knopf.
Galleons' Reach. By H. M. Tomlinson. Harper.
Oil! By Upton Sinclair. A. and C. Boni.
Black April. By Julia Peterkin. Bobbs-Merrill.
Go She Must. By David Garnett. Knopf.
Shadows Waiting. By Eleanor Carroll Chilton. John Day.
Why Call it Anything? By Robert Benchley and Gluyas Williams. Holt.

Books in Brief

As I Knew Them. Presidents and Politics from Grant to Coolidge. By Henry L. Stoddard. Harper and Brothers. $5.

Kindly, rambling reminiscences these, by one who was long editor of the New York *Mail* and was especially known for his blind devotion to Theodore Roosevelt. It cannot be said that this volume contains much of value to the historian, though Mr. Stoddard does throw a light upon one intrigue or another. But what can be said of a journalist who at this day still believes the hoary falsehood that the war with Spain was manifest destiny not to be thwarted, and that McKinley really tried to prevent that war? He might at least have read James Ford Rhodes's account of this episode. And how highly shall we value the judgments of one who still sees no inconsistency in Roosevelt's picking Henry Cabot Lodge—of all men!—to be his successor as leader of the Progressives; who writes a chapter on Harding and declares that he had "a Cabinet to be proud of" and makes no further reference to the three besmirched members of that precious Cabinet beyond saying that Harding trusted some "who did not prove so dependable" as Hughes, Hoover, and Mellon. Finally, he dismisses the never-before-equaled Harding scandals and corruption with the comment that "his judgment was not infallible; some mistakes were inevitable"!

John Muir of Wall Street. A Story of Thrift. By O. Muiriel Fuller. The Knickerbocker Press. $2.50.

A pleasantly written account of the rise of a poor Canadian boy to be one of the most successful men in Wall Street. Still busy and successful at eighty, John Muir is credited in Wall Street with developing the "odd-lot" stock sales idea, which made it possible for investors of small means to buy less than one hundred shares at a time, and led the way to the peddling of Liberty Loan bonds in small quantities and denominations during the World War. John Muir, a rugged, vigorous character, won his way upward as a clothingstore-keeper, a stenographer, a Pinkerton detective, and a railway clerk and official. For the general reader the value of this memoir lies chiefly in the excellent sketches of Henry Villard, Thomas F. Oakes, C. P. Huntington, Marcus Daly, and other great railway pioneers with whom Mr. Muir came into close contact.

American Masters of Social Science. An Approach to the Study of the Social Sciences Through a Neglected Field of Biography. Edited by Howard W. Odum. Henry Holt and Company. $5.

The purpose of these nine biographical studies is to render more concrete and vital a "new gateway to the social sciences." Leading scientists are analyzed as to background, personality, and contributions. The editor puts the volume forward as a labor of love designed "to aid the social-science student seeking example, inspiration, and guidance." While all the studies are not equally illuminating they all contain material of value to the student. Becker's study of Frederick Jackson Turner and Barnes's analysis of James Harvey Robinson are particularly able presentations.

Salome. By Oscar Wilde. Inventions by John Vassos. E. P. Dutton and Company. $3.50.

Mr. Vassos's "inventions" or drawings, appearing as they do opposite pages of text bespattered with gilt stars, are stale with eighteen-ninetyism and only impotently flamboyant.

Phillida and Coridon and Other Pastorals. By Nicholas Breton. With Drawings in Color by Ernest Fiene. The Spiral Press. $7.50.

The first issue from an American press of this Elizabethan's charming pieces.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Child Study Association of America

announces the following Study and Discussion Groups for parents, teachers and social workers, to be held at Headquarters, 54 West 74th St., N. Y. C. for the Spring Season 1928, beginning February 1st.

The Pre School Period
The Child from 6 to 12
Progressive Methods in Education
Changing Concepts of Child Training
Vocational Guidance
Mental Hygiene
Adolescence
Scientific Ethics

These Study Groups will be led by members of the staff of the Child Study Association and other specialists in child development.

Registration January 26th and 27th. For complete program address Child Study Association, 54 West 74th Street, New York City. Telephone Endicott 8298.

WHAT ARE THE FIELDS OF JEWISH SOCIAL WORK?
"(2) . . . Jewish Community Centers . . . seek to bring out the best potentialities in young people by providing clubs and classes for social, cultural, educational and recreational purposes. . . ." (See Pamphlet, p. 4.)

The Training School **for Jewish Social Work**

Offers a fifteen months' course of study in Jewish Family Case Work, Child Care, Community Centers, Federations and Health Centers.

Several scholarships and fellowships ranging from $250 to $1,500 are available for especially qualified students.

For information, address The Director

THE TRAINING SCHOOL FOR JEWISH SOCIAL WORK

210 WEST 91ST STREET NEW YORK CITY

H. N. BRAILSFORD

The outstanding journalist of the Labor movement in England whose book "The League of Nations" was the first to set out a plan for world unity in detailed literary form, brings his study of post war Europe down to the present day

in

Olives of Endless Age

Being a Study of This Distracted World and Its Need of Unity

Brailsford shows the results of Versailles, Geneva and Locarno in effecting world peace, and the parts played by finance and industry, the labor movements, Bolshevism and Fascism, modern imperialism and American banking, in the search for an economic solution to world problems. $3.50

HARPER & BROTHERS, New York

How Do *You* Spend Your Spare Time?

Would You Like To Employ It Profitably?

THE LITERARY GUILD is offering to readers of the *Nation* an exceptional opportunity to become associated with an organization which has been endorsed by the leading men of letters throughout the country.

A liberal commission arrangement enables our representatives to earn an attractive income while performing dignified and pleasant duties.

Only a few appointments will be made in each locality. Write today to Mr. Michael Shepard, Dept. N-3,

THE LITERARY GUILD OF AMERICA, INC.
55 Fifth Avenue, New York

THE ANCIENT LOWLY—by C. Osborne Ward
brings home in a vivid and fascinating manner the hopes, aspirations and sufferings of the workers of old. It is a realistic picture of the daily life of the slave class which performed the useful labor within the Roman Empire. A monumental book based on a life-time of diligent research. Early Christianity, the author shows, was the cult of slaves. New edition now ready, $5.00 postpaid.
CHARLES H. KERR & CO. 347 East Ohio Street, Chicago

Throw Away Your Glasses and
SEE BETTER

"Perfect Sight Without Glasses"

By W. H. BATES, M.D.

The author of this book presents evidence that all errors of refraction are caused by strain—and cured by rest and relaxation. A complete method of treatment is described so clearly that the reader can usually discard his glasses and improve his vision.

Sold at all bookstores. Price $3.
If you wear glasses—read this book.

The Central Fixation Publ. Co.
Dept. 5, 383 Madison Avenue, New York.

Gentlemen: Please send me a copy of your book "Perfect Sight Without Glasses." I will give the postman $3.00 plus postage when it arrives. If I am not convinced of its value in five days, I will return the book and you will refund my money without question.

Name .....

Address .....

DORA RUSSELL

(Mrs. Bertrand Russell)
Brilliant author and feminist
will lecture on

"CAN WE BE HAPPY?"

at the COMMUNITY CHURCH, Park Ave. and 34th St.
Wed. Eve., Feb. 1, at 8:30; Admission $1.50, $1.00, 75c

Auspices of the Rand School of Social Science, 7 East 15th St.
Tickets for sale at Rand School and Community Church.

When writing to advertisers please mention The Nation

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Moving Pictures

Douglas Fairbanks

AFTER "The Thief of Bagdad" and "The Black Pirate" comes "The Gaucho"—a film decidedly inferior to its two predecessors. It is easy to dismiss Mr. Fairbanks as an artist. His reliance on acrobatic stunts, his monotonous repetition of the same character, and his undisguised playing for effect brand him as an actor lacking in imagination and weak in interpretative powers. If acting were all that mattered in films one would be content to accept this criticism as the final verdict on Mr. Fairbanks. But acting is not all—not even half—of the films. And when the acting does appear bad by reason of its failing to appear convincing, this failure may actually be due to causes far different from the deficiencies of the acting itself. I am not referring here to the extraordinary manipulations of the film record which take place in the cutting-room, though, obviously, these can make or damn the acting. In Mr. Fairbanks's case the trouble lies elsewhere. It is to be found in the general direction of his pictures, and this is particularly evident in "The Gaucho."

At the outset the fact must be admitted that Mr. Fairbanks's pictures are inevitably "vehicles" for Mr. Fairbanks's acting. There is no question that he is the principal passenger there, and that the vehicles are out for the special object of driving him to his appointed destination. But what is his destination? In "The Thief of Bagdad" and "The Black Pirate" one was almost persuaded to think that the fairyland of Oriental romance and the fancy of bedizened buccaneering were the objects of Mr. Fairbanks's histrionic efforts. With all his heroics he seemed to belong to the backgrounds and the worlds of these two pictures. He was plausible. He was human.

In "The Gaucho" Mr. Fairbanks and the background in which he moves are two different entities. The background tells the story in the conventional but straightforward way made familiar in most American pictures. But now Mr. Fairbanks comes on the scene indulging in various acrobatic stunts, and one is immediately struck by a peculiarity which did not seem to be so conspicuous in Mr. Fairbanks's earlier pictures. Each time Mr. Fairbanks performs he strikes an attitude (with the movement of his hand and the completely self-satisfied grin) which suggests not so much a dashing cavalier of a bandit as a clever acrobat waiting for an applause or a curtain call after performing an act on a vaudeville stage.

No censure is implied in this description. Mr. Fairbanks is essentially a vaudeville actor of the acrobatic type. He has earned success on the screen by a frank exploitation of his personality. On occasions he tried, and not without a measure of success, to adapt his manner of acting to the character of his background. In "The Gaucho" he made no such attempt, and the result is that the picture is disrupted in action and painfully discordant in style. And yet this result was not inevitable. Even granting Mr. Fairbanks's disposition for the effects of vaudeville acting, the direction of the picture could have been pulled round to satisfy this condition. In other words, the vaudeville style of acting should have extended from Mr. Fairbanks to the rest of the picture. And let it be clearly understood: vaudeville does not mean either a grotesque or a caricature. All it means is a frank display of the actor's skill direct to the audience. Mr. Fairbanks chooses to give his own acting a certain musical-comedy touch which somewhat cheapens its effect. This, of course, could be easily avoided while still keeping within the artificial convention decided upon. But if the musical comedy style for Mr. Fairbanks himself is deemed indispensable, then musical comedy let it be—from the beginning to the end of the picture.

ALEXANDER BAKSHY

Drama

"Marco Millions"

THERE is perhaps no better measure of an author's imagination than his treatment of a traditional theme. Ideas, considered simply as such, are the common property of all the various classes of those who work with their minds; but the most distinguishing characteristic of the artistic imagination is its power, not necessarily to conceive ideas, but to body them forth in a form whose beauty makes them freshly persuasive. And if we wish to bring to this test the imagination of Eugene O'Neill there is no other of his works to which it may so readily be applied or from which the richness of his imaginative faculty may be more thoroughly demonstrated than "Marco Millions," to which the Theater Guild has just given a beautiful production at its own theater. Its theme—the soul-destroying force of that characteristic Western extraversion which reaches its ultimate development in the apotheosis of the commercial spirit—is one which a whole school of contemporary satirists has made traditional; the hero, Marco Polo, is, if you like, conceived of as a Babbitt; and yet such is the richness of Mr. O'Neill's imagination that he has created a play beside which other treatments of this traditional theme seem raucous and dull.

Junior member of the firm of Polo Brothers and Son, Marco makes his way to the court of the great Khan and there, under the amused eye of the philosophic emperor, undertakes with complacent good humor to confer upon the latter's subjects the benefits of Western civilization, reaching the climax of his efforts when, as a parting service, he explains to them how gunpowder—hitherto wasted in fireworks—may be used for the more worthy object of blowing people to bits in the interests of universal peace. Innocent of reflection, impervious to irony, he moves through life with the terrible directness of a shrewd child, and he makes it simple by leaving out whatever is really important. "On the last day one of your seed will interrupt Gabriel to sell him another trumpet," says the Pope in dismissing him for his journey, and the remark is significant of more than Marco's naive avarice, for it implies as well that he is incapable of perceiving either comedy or tragedy.

Such in outline is the satiric content of the play, but the poetic quality of Mr. O'Neill's mind makes it impossible for him to rest content with mere satire; satire, indeed, first mingles with fantasy and then rises to tragedy. The crass materialism of Marco is set forth both against the calm, schooled philosophy of the Eastern Emperor and against the exalted romanticism of the latter's daughter as well. Stricken with love for Marco, she can hope neither for any response from his prosaic soul nor for any real comfort in the tolerant but disillusioned wisdom of her people, and in the end each of the three chief characters must meet the fate reserved for his particular nature, the Princess dying for love, the Khan struggling to accept the wisdom of the philosophers, and Marco returning in triumph to Venice in an appropriate and sublime incomprehension of his failure to know even what the others were about.

Since the text of this play is already well known through previous publication, it is perhaps unnecessary to speak further of it except in order to add that though it is not the most powerful of its author's plays it has a purety of outline and a delicacy of execution equaled by none of the others; but something must be said of the beauty of the production which the Guild has given it. Here is a play which is conceived not only with complete disregard for the conventions of the usual technique of stage presentation but in a manner which might permit of the most diverse treatments upon the part of the producer. It constitutes a challenge to director, scenic designer, and actor alike; and all of these challenges have been

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

triumphantly met. Alfred Lunt has never, I think, given so finely shaded a performance as this in which he manages somehow to suggest both the gradual aging of Marco and the all but hidden wistfulness which the blindness of his soul, dimly aware of things which it has never seen, generates in him. Many of the other performances are also fine. But perhaps the most remarkable feature of the whole is the setting provided for the many scenes by Lee Simonson. He has solved the apparently unsolvable problem of suggesting the magnificent exoticism of the Orient by designing stage pictures of surpassing beauty which depend for their effect, not upon an effort to reproduce the scenes naturalistically, but upon their success in utilizing the artistic conventions of the various countries. Thus, that which represents the throne-room of the emperor and which is perhaps the best, presents us with a huge frame of filigreed jade behind which lies a back drop upon which are sketched in Chinese fashion the peaks of a mountain range. No naturalistically constructed scene could achieve the desired effect; here we are led immediately into the proper imaginative atmosphere by the suggestion, not of the real China of which we know nothing, but of that Chinese art through which we inevitably see all things Chinese. Mr. Simonson's subtlety is typical of the subtlety which marks the entire production and which makes it, indeed, one of the most notable things the Guild has done.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

THEATRE

Gilbert Miller Presents

THE PATRIOT

An intense and vivid play of the life and times of Tsar Paul I of Russia

Adapted from the original German of
ALFRED NEUMANN
By Ashley Dukes
with
LESLIE FABER MADGE TITHERADGE LYN HARDING
with Settings by NORMAN-BEL GEDDES
At CHANIN'S MAJESTIC Theatre West 44th St. Mat. Wed. and Sat.

THE THEATRE GUILD *Presents*
REPUBLIC Theatre, West 42nd St. Eves. 8:40 Matinees Wed. and Sat., 2:40
PORGY
A FOLK PLAY
BY DUBOSE AND DOROTHY HEYWARD

THEATRE GUILD ACTING CO. *in*
EUGENE O'NEILL'S
Week of Jan. 23 MARCO MILLIONS
BERNARD SHAW'S COMEDY
Week of Jan. 30 "THE DOCTOR'S DILEMMA"
GUILD THEATRE, WEST 52nd STREET Evenings 8:20, Matinees Thursday and Saturday.

WINTHROP AMES presents
JOHN GALSWORTHY'S
ESCAPE
with LESLIE HOWARD
"Must be seen." —*John Anderson, Post.*
BOOTH WEST 45TH STREET
Eves. 8:40, Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:40

Charles Brackett in the *New Yorker* says: "I had a bully time at
"INTERFERENCE"
"Furnishes a delightful evening in the theatre."—*Alexander Woollcott* in *The World.*
EMPIRE THEATRE
Broadway & 40th St. Mats. Wed. & Sat., 2:30; Eves., 8:30.

JUDITH ANDERSON
IN THE NEW PLAY
"BEHOLD, THE BRIDEGROOM—"
By GEORGE KELLY
CORT THEATRE West 48th st. Mats. Wednesday & Saturday, 2.30

LECTURES

The COMMUNITY CHURCH
Park Avenue and 34th Street

Sunday, January 22
11 A. M.—Morning Service
JOHN HAYNES HOLMES
"Divorce—Good or Bad?"
8 P. M.—Community Forum
JOSEPH JASTROW
"The Psychology of the Prejudices"
Questions, discussion—free discussion

Thursday, January 26, 8.15 P. M.
JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH
"The Popular Drama"

PARKER MOON
Associate Professor of International Relations Columbia University; at the present time in Europe making first-hand study of conditions there,
will deliver a course of lectures on
"The International Situation"
Tuesdays, 8.15 P. M.
Feb. 7—"Old Policies in a New World"
Feb. 14—"High Finance in European Politics"
Feb. 21—"Imperialism Up to Date"
Feb. 28—"Practical Internationalism"
Mar. 6—"Disarmament Negotiations"
Mar. 13—"America's International Position"
Single Admission 75c. $3.50 for the Course
WRITE FOR CATALOGUE OF COURSES

THE EVENT of the YEAR
DEBATE
between
Judge Ben B. Lindsey
AND
Rabbi Stephen S. Wise
Shall COMPANIONATE MARRIAGE Be Legalized?
YES! Judge Ben B. Lindsey
NO! Rabbi Stephen S. Wise
Saturday, Jan. 28; CARNEGIE HALL
at 8:15 P. M.
Tickets Now Selling: $5.50, $4.40 $3.30, $2.75, $2.20, $1.65, inc. tax.
Boxes Upon Application.
Apply Box Office, or Mail Check, Telephone or Call at
LEIGH-EMMERICH LECTURE BUREAUS, Inc.
11 West 42nd Street
Longacre 2740 28th floor, Salmon Tower

RAND SCHOOL OF SOCIAL SCIENCE
7 East 15th St. Alg. 3094
Hendrik Willem Van Loon
lectures on
THE LAUGHING PHILOSOPHERS
1. Socrates 2. Erasmus 3. Montaigne 4. Voltaire
Thursdays, 8:30 p. m. Jan. 26 till Feb. 16

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

International Relations Section

Boycott in India

By V. R. RANGANATHAN

Madras, December 20

India was appealed to during the Great War to fight it on the cry of self-determination. This was declared by Mr. Lloyd George to be applicable to tropical countries.

A million Indians died outside India in defense of this principle, trusting in the word of Britain pledged by her Prime Minister.

Now that Britain is safe for the time from aggression, she breaks her pledged faith with India and demands that India shall confide her immediate destiny into the hands of a parliamentary commission which wounds her self-respect.

India will refuse to do this. We reject the commission. We will have nothing to do with it now or hereafter. As Parliament boycotts us we boycott the Parliamentary Commission.

THIS is the manifesto issued by a meeting of all parties of the Province held in Madras last month and signed by persons of note among whom are Mrs. Besant, Sir Tej Bahadur Sapru, Mr. S. Srinivasa Iyengar, president of the Indian National Congress, Mr. S. Venkatachellam Chetty, leader of the Opposition in the Council, and Mr. K. Srinivasan, editor of the *Hindu*, the leading daily in south India. Manifestos of this kind will be issued soon by all-party meetings in the other provinces.

It was in August, 1917, when everything was not going well with the Allies in the Great War that the late Edwin Samuel Montagu, then Secretary of State for India, declared that the aim of British rule in India was self-government. When the war was over the Reforms Act of 1919 was passed introducing the system of dyarchy in the provinces. By this system certain subjects, called "transferred subjects," are to be administered by Indian ministers who are responsible to the legislature and can be removed by a no-confidence motion in the House; while the "reserved subjects," as distinguished from the "transferred," are under executive councilors appointed by the Governor and responsible to the British Parliament.

Much was said in the meetings of the Joint Parliamentary Committee in England against this dual system of government before the bill became law. There is not likely to be unanimity in a Cabinet consisting of ministers and executive councilors, working more or less in opposition. But arguments against it were of no avail and dyarchy became the system of the provincial governments.

After eight years of experiment it cannot be said that dyarchy has worked successfully. In Bengal it has been a complete failure. The ministers themselves have admitted the difficulties of this cumbrous system. It is usual for persons in favor of dyarchy to point to Madras and say that there it has worked smoothly. But the Justice Party, in power for the last six years, has passed a resolution in a convention held at Coimbatore condemning dyarchy and refusing to accept office until full provincial autonomy is granted.

The announcement of the new Parliamentary Commission to consider the grant of further reforms and its personnel was to have been made over three months ago. The comment of the London *Times* that the commission must be all British and "impartial" was rightly feared to be based on knowledge and Indian leaders were discussing the question of boycotting it if there were no Indians in it, with the result that the announcement was postponed. Early in November, however, the Viceroy conferred with leaders of all parties and tried in vain to persuade them to accept a purely British commission. The announcement was made simultaneously both in India and England on November 9, with an apology by the Viceroy asking Indians to make the best of a bad job and "differ as friends, not as enemies."

The members of the commission are Sir John Simon, president; Lord Strathcome, Viscount Burnham, Stephen W. Walsh, M.P., Major E. Cadagon, M.P., Colonel G. R. Lane Fox, M.P., and Major C. R. Atlee, M.P., all non-entities except the president. But they have all one qualification: ignorance of India. Mr. Baldwin stated that the non-inclusion of Indians was a broad question of principle, the sole desire of his government being "to give the real and instructed opinion among Indians the best chance of taking an effective and constructive part in devising solution." This exclusion is quite against the spirit of the Reform Act of 1919 which stated in the preamble to the act that the object of Parliament in passing it was "to provide for the increasing association of Indians in every branch of Indian administration."

The president of the Indian National Congress in a statement issued to the Associated Press calling upon all Indians to make an effective boycott says:

> The reasons for the boycott are of the most cogent description. Indian people as the Congress has rightly claimed are entitled to determine their own constitution either by a round-table conference or by a convention parliament. That claim has been definitely negatived by the appointment of the commission. . . . That, of course, is the fundamental objection. The second reason is that we cannot be parties to an inquiry into our fitness for Swaraj or for any measure of responsible government. Our claim for Swaraj is there and it is only a question of negotiation and settlement between the British Government and the Indian people. The third reason is undoubtedly the affront to Indian self-respect involved in the deliberate exclusion of Indians from the commission. . . . The last reason for the boycott is the spirit which lies behind these proposals. There is no change of heart except in the direction of greater hardening. I say it with all respect to the British people and with perfect good-will, Do you mean business? Do you want a frank settlement or do you proceed by dilatory methods or by uncompromising opposition to Indian aspirations?

There is universal dissatisfaction with the commission. One has only to consider the opinions of Sir Tej Bahadur Sapru and Sir P. S. Sivasami Iyer, the most liberal of the Liberal Party, which supported the government when the non-cooperation movement was at its height. Says Sir Sapru:

> The exclusion of Indians from the personnel of the commission can only be described as arbitrary, unjust, and unfair to India. It almost seems as if Lord Birkenhead has taken a leaf out of the book of non-cooperation, and yet he and his government in England will be very ready to accuse us of non-cooperation if we return their want of confidence by a similar want of confidence in them. . . . The

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Isadora Duncan's autobiography

MY LIFE

She finished this book just before her tragic death. It is the most intimate book ever written by a woman. It is worth volumes on the psychology of genius. Absorbing and inspiring for it is the story of one of the most intelligently adventurous and fateful lives literature has record of.

Octavo. Illustrated. $5.00

B&L GOOD BOOKS Boni & Liveright, N. Y.

Mr. JUSTICE HOLMES and the CONSTITUTION

by

FELIX FRANKFURTER

Dunster House Papers No. 4—$.75

DUNSTER HOUSE

20 South Street; at Dunster

Cambridge, Massachusetts

LECTURES

THE PEOPLE'S INSTITUTE
Program Jan. 27-Feb. 4
AT COOPER UNION
(8th St. and Astor Place)

At 8 o'clock ADMISSION FREE

Friday—Jan. 27—Everett Dean Martin—"The Psychology of the Generation which made Barnum possible."

Sunday—Jan. 29—John Cowper Powys—"The Religion of a Man of Letters."

Tuesday—Jan 31—E. Boyd Barrett—"The Sub-Conscious as Source of Inspiration."

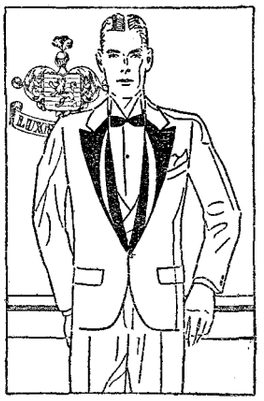
AT MUHLENBERG BRANCH LIBRARY
(209 West 23rd St., at 8 o'clock)

Monday—Jan. 30—Helen D. Lockwood—"The New Proclamation of Emancipation: Upstream. A Story Teller's Story."

Wednesday—Feb. 1—Scott Buchanan—"Calculus; From Relations to Functions."

Thursday—Feb. 2—E. G. Spaulding—"Are there different ways of Knowing. With reference to William P. Montague."

Saturday—Feb. 4—Richard P. McKeon—The Cream of the Jest: Philosophy the Handmaiden of Science."



Luxenberg's solves the problem of the man who would always be well dressed, yet whose income forbids extravagant expenditures for clothes.

Tuxedo $39.50

Write for style booklet

NAT LUXENBERG & BRO.
CLOTHES
37 Union Square, New York
Between 16th and 17th Streets

OPEN SHELF

GOOD CHEER COMRADES! Want to buy, sell or swap books, bronzes, old china, clocks, curios, etchings, lamps, paintings, prints, oriental rugs? Bus, or stroll to Daca's, 63 Washington Sq., So., N. Y. C. Books always 20 to 80% off. Open eves.

EXTRAORDINARY BARGAINS

COMPLETE and unexpurgated translations of Foreign Classics. Privately Printed and Illustrated Editions. Rousseau's Confessions, Boccaccio's Decameron, Balzac's Droll Stories, the Heptameron, etc., $8.50 each. Catalogue upon request. American Book Collectors' Service, 321 Broadway, N. Y.

DISCUSSION

THE GROUP
(A Clearing House of Opinion)
meets at
Hotel Manhattan Square, 50 West 77th St.
MR. SILAS BENT
(Author of Ballyhoo: The Voice of the Press)
Tuesday, Jan. 24th, at 8:30 P. M.
NEWSPAPERS AND THE GOOD LIFE
Admission 25c Organized 1918
Seymour A. Seligson, 285 Madison Av., Sec.

CHILDREN'S CAMP

ARE you interested in unusual summer environment for your daughter? Green Mountains, private lake and trout stream. Health diet, group games, little theatre, out-door dancing, camp-fire cooking. *Individuality of child particularly considered.* Limited to twenty-five. Few vacancies. Personal conference with parents necessary. Marie A. Taylor, 55 West 8th St., N. Y. C.

MISCELLANEOUS

Creative League

To form an outlet and rich field for inspiration to artists, writers, and sociologists, speakers, etc., patterned on 17th and 18th century culture salons. Comments and suggestions desired and volunteered co-operation of well-appearing woman, literary background, to act as chairman and hostess of dinners. Write, Rear Apartment, 3640 Waldo Avenue, New York City.

When writing to advertisers please mention The Nation

from THE INNER SANCTUM *of*
SIMON *and* SCHUSTER
Publishers . 37 West 57th Street . *New York*

A colossal map of the world, in four colors—we call it colossal because we had so much fun devising it, and because it costs 14 cents to mail—will be sent to the first fifty readers, if any, of this column who send their request to MAP DEPARTMENT, care of SIMON AND SCHUSTER, 37 West 57 Street, New York.

Friday is SIMON AND SCHUSTER'S regular publication day, and even when it falls on the thirteenth, the schedule is maintained, with the result that HALDANE MACFALL'S biography, *Aubrey Beardsley, The Clown, The Pierrot, The Harlequin of His Age*, is released on what, according to the American credo, is an unlucky day.

The Inner Sanctum believes that a distinguished and adult book about one of the most exciting figures of the Naughty Nineties would not appeal to cringing and superstitious folk, anyway.

In the *Sanctum's* subterranean vault for Priceless Letters and Rare Memorabilia goes this communication just received from EDWIN W. ATWOOD, of 721 Grand Traverse Street, Flint, Michigan:

SIMON AND SCHUSTER
New York
Gentlemen:
From time to time as they have been published, I have purchased a copy each of your *Cross Word Puzzle Books*, eight in all.
What would it cost me to buy from you one each of these eight books, as I might like to fill 'em up again?

Series Nine of *The Cross Word Puzzle Book* will be published next Friday, January 20th. Booksellers are booking advanced orders. (advt.)

Our next staff orgy will be in the form of a beefsteak dinner, for we have just received from ALFRED ALOYSIUS HORN of Johannesburg, Transvaal, a hand-wrought gridiron—an exact replica of the gridiron which he sold to MRS. ETHELREDA LEWIS. The old man spent three days making it for *The Inner Sanctum.*

We were wondering what a city like Detroit does when most of its Big Men leave home for the Automobile Show in New York. The answer came in this clipping from yesterday's *Detroit News*:

Best sellers in Detroit for the week:
General Literature
1. *Trader Horn*
2. *The Royal Road to Romance*
3. *Mother India*
4. *The Glorious Adventure*
5. *America*
6. *Bismarck*

Books most in demand at the Detroit Public Library for the week:
General Literature
1. *The Story of Philosophy*
2. *Transition*
3. *That Man Heine*
4. *"We"*
5. *Trader Horn*
6. *Count Luckner*

—ESSANDESS

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

utmost that can be said in favor of this scheme is that they want to associate us with them at some stages only to the extent of representing our views, but they deny to us the right of participation in the responsibility of framing our own constitution. I have no doubt that this commission, even though presided over by Sir John Simon, will inspire no confidence and will command no public support.

Sir Sivasami Iyer says:

The exclusion of Indians from the commission is a studied insult to the Indian public and a very ill-advised step from the point of view even of the Tory Government. They could have appointed a mixed commission and still secured the desired majority of opinion without this affront to India. The only reason that I can imagine for this procedure is that they wish to emphasize as a matter of principle, lest Indians should forget it for a moment, that India has no right to a share in the determination of her own destiny and to impress upon the Indian public that, notwithstanding the camouflage of her admission to the League of Nations and the Imperial Conference, she must not delude herself into the belief that she is anything but a suppliant at the door of Britain.

The Government is pursuing its usual policy of "Divide et impera" and taking advantage of the disunion of parties. Even the time of the appointment of the commission is inopportune. Indians wanted a commission five years ago, but this was not granted on the ground that the Reform Act did not permit such appointment before the expiration of ten years. Though now only eight years have passed, a bill is being hurried through Parliament for amending the section of the act dealing with the ten years' duration. The obvious reasons for it are twofold. The Conservative Party is not likely to be returned with a majority in the general elections which will be held in England next year and if Labor comes to power India might be given more reforms, perhaps self-government. To appoint the commission now is one way of getting the votes of great trading concerns in Britain who do not find it to their interests that India should advance. Another reason is that in the present state of ill-feeling between the two great communities in India, the Hindus and Mohammedans, the latter can be placated into accepting the commission.

The causes for the Hindu-Moslem tension are various. The Moslems object to the Hindu social and religious processions with music before their mosques, as disturbing to their prayer. The Hindus, on the other hand, do not approve of the slaughter of cows, an animal held sacred by them, especially their being taken in procession to the slaughter-house. The Moslems have been converting Hindus to their faith. But prompt Hindu propaganda has not only dissuaded Hindus from becoming converts, but also reconverted those who had already embraced Mohammedanism. This the Moslems resent and the result has been a series of riots, assaults, and murders.

If the British Government relies upon this state of tension, it will very soon be deceived. The differences were patched up by a unity conference held in Calcutta in which the right of both communities to conversions and processions was recognized. One good result of the announcement of the commission is that parties of all shades of opinion have joined hands and even Moslem leaders like Sir Abdur Rahim, Sir Ali Imam, and Dr. Ansari, president-elect of the next Congress, have declared in favor of a general boycott.

RESTAURANTS

Says the Epicure:
"Most interesting and unusual dishes. All made of
FRESH VEGETABLES AND FRUITS
No animal fats used.
Trufood
VEGETARIAN RESTAURANT
110 West 40th Street, 153 West 44th Street } Near Broadway
522 7th Avenue, N. W. Cor. of 38th Street
Special foods for diabetics.

HEALTH FOOD

EAT YOUR WAY TO HEALTH
We sell you all NATURAL, UNPROCESSED and UNADULTERATED, VITAMIN-LADEN, NO CHEMICALLY DOCTORED Foodstuffs, at moderate prices. Postage prepaid. Send $1 for Box of Assorted Sample Order.
1928 Enlarged CATALOG on Request.
HEALTH FOODS DISTRIBUTORS
West Norwood, New Jersey.
N. Y. Office, 247 Washington St., New York City.
Phone Barclay 0799.

PERSONAL

EXPERIENCED viola player offers services to amateur string quartette. Those interested please write Musician, Box 523, % *The Nation.*

YOUNG New Yorker, no moron, fed up with humdrum routine, seeks release from boredom. Suggestions welcomed. Box 525, % *The Nation.*

WINTER RESORTS

THE
LAKE VIEW
offers every comfort, every happiness for a jolly winter vacation. Premier cuisine. Moderate Rates. Refinement.
Phone Reservations Lakewood 287
LAKEWOOD, N. J.

MANHATTAN BEACH HOTEL, N. Y.
LIVE in a modern, fireproof hotel by the seashore, for less than in the crowded city. $12 per week for two; homelike comforts; outdoor sports; maid, valet and telephone service; 37 minutes from Times Sq., BMT. (Brighton Beach Station.) Phone Sheepshead 8000.

FOR relaxation, skating, skiing, tobogganing, good food, beautiful country, 1½ hours from New York. $25.00 a week. Hil-Bert House,
LAKE MAHOPAC, N. Y.
H. Friedberg, Prop. Mahopac 15-J

SPECIALTY SHOPS

Companionate Marriage
Is a subject in the air.
On that, opinion is divided,
But not on *What to Wear.*
On this—unanimous opinion—
Men and women all vote "yes"—
That the fair one pleases mostly
When she wears a PRETTY dress.
FANNY GOODMAN
at 1905 Andrews Ave., University Heights
specializing in PRETTY Dresses

MARITZA wishes to give all her patrons the benefit of her special January sale of Jersey dresses, Palestine dresses, Russian silk blouses—dresses and hats.
Spring 7578 172 West 4th St.

FURNISHED ROOM FOR RENT

LARGE living-bedroom. Piano. Kitchen privileges $8, or smaller room $6. Call evenings, 509 West 122nd St., Apt. 8, Cathedral 8060.

EUDCATIONAL

Home Study of the Bible
10,000 MEN AND WOMEN from all walks of life now studying the Bible under competent guidance.
18 COURSES available. OLD and NEW TESTAMENT. Modern Bible study broadens vision—deepens religious life. Begin now. Descriptive literature free. ALL COURSES, 75c each. 5 or more to one address, 60c each.
The American Institute of Sacred Literature
The University of Chicago Dept. 165, Chicago, Ill.

LANGUAGES

FRENCH, SPANISH, ITALIAN, GERMAN
75c. Per Lesson Native Teachers
Short Course Surprising Results
PRIVATE SCHOOL OF LANGUAGES
1264 LEXINGTON AVE., NEW YORK
Established 1906 Between 85th and 86th Sts.

HELP WANTED

SPANISH typist and translator—Young woman, native of Spain to translate Spanish letters, do some copying in English and to make free translations of publicity bulletins in cinema publicity office. Assistance in developing journalistic side line as added attraction. Box 522, % *The Nation.*

HEAD COUNSELLOR
LADY, good organizer, and well versed in modern ideas, child education, for summer camp of very young boys and girls. Box 527, % *The Nation.*

POSITIONS WANTED

EXPERIENCED executive, woman well-known in civic and international work, seeks interesting task. Salary $4,500.00 Box 521, % *The Nation.*

YOUNG woman, well versed in literature, English and foreign, seeks opportunity to open foreign circulating library connected with going book concern. Box 524, % *The Nation.*

YOUNG woman, 21, with no desire for foreign travel or opportunities for cultural and literary associations, desires stenographic job. Competent worker. Prospective boss must have a sense of humor; others must not respond. Box 526. % *The Nation.*

When writing to advertisers please mention The Nation

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED